SKETCHES

OF THE

LIVES and WRITINGS

OF THE

LADIES of FRANCE.

By ANN THICKNESSE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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14

ERRATUM.

Dele. 20 copies to Walter James James, Esq.

The Reader is desired to correct the errors of the Editor, as well as those of the Press.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

TO THE

Honorable Mrs. Bateman.

MADAM,

I Have taken the liberty to addreſs this third and laſt volume of the Sketches of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France to you, without aſking your permiſſion, leſt you ſhould have deprived me of the pleaſure of thus publicly expreſſing that reverence which is due to you in ſuch an age as this, for your many virtues, and

more eſpecially for that exemplary conjugal affection, in which you have ſo long lived, with a Gentleman, to whom, it is as much to my huſband's honor, as it has been to his advantage, to boaſt of his friendſhip for the courſe of thirty years.

I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

With the greateſt reſpect,

Your moſt obedient,

And obliged humble ſervant,

ANN THICKNESSE.

St. *Catherine's* Hermitage.

Auguſt 21ſt, 1781.

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SKETCHES

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MADEMOISELLE HERITIER,

BORN at Paris in the year 1664, and died in that city 1734. She was not only celebrated for her literary talents, but equally admired for the elegance of her manners, the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, and the unaffected modeſty of her deportment. She opened her houſe twice a week for the re-

ception of company, among whom, there were perſons of the firſt condition; but being rather ſtraitened in her fortune, *Monſieur de Chauvelin* (then Miniſter of State) made a little addition to it, by procuring her a penſion of four hundred *livres* from the crown, and at different times, gave her proofs of his own liberality, and ſenſe of her merit. She acquired ſo much reputation by her poetical talents, that in 1697, ſhe was received into the academy *degli Recoverati* at *Padua*. She tranſlated Ovid's Epiſtles, of which, ſhe put ſixteen into French verſe. Among her writings in proſe, is one, intitled, *la Tour Ténébreuſe, ou Hiſtoire de* Richard the firſt, *Roi d' Angleterre*, named *Cœur de lion*, (lion-hearted) The account ſhe gives of that Prince is as follows.

RICHARD ſucceeded his father Henry the ſecond of England, 1189. at which

which time, he was Count of *Poitou*, and Duke of Normandy. In the firſt year of his reign, being deſirous to aſſiſt in the holy war, he embarked with his army for France, and there joined the forces of the French King. The two Kings marched together with their combined forces, (which conſiſted of above an hundred thouſand men) as far as *Lyons*, where they ſeparated.—Richard continued his rout towards *Marſeilles*, and there embarked for *Sicily;* but his whole fleet was driven on ſhore in the iſland of Cyprus, and finding that the King of that iſland treated the Engliſh with inhumanity, Richard ſeized him, and his daughters, and loaded the Cyprian Monarch with chains of ſilver. He afterwards conquered the city of *Acre*, and many other capital places; but being deſerted by Philip of France, he was prevented from extending his conqueſts. In the mean-time,

his brother John, aſpired to the throne of England, the news of which, greatly alarmed Richard, who immediately embarked for his own dominions, but was unfortunately ſhipwrecked near *Aquileia*.* He then purſued his journey in diſguiſe through Germany, and after having undergone many hardſhips, he was at length taken, while he was aſleep in a poor hut near *Vienna*: Leopold, Duke of Auſtria, who had a private pique to him, delivered him up to the Emperor Henry the ſixth, who after confining him in priſon, and treating him with the utmoſt indignity, obliged him to pay one hundred and fifty thouſand marks for his ranſom, which his ſubjects raiſed by a voluntary tax.

He

* At the time this city was beſieged by the tyrant *Maximin*, the *Aquileians* wanting bow-ſtrings, cut off their wives hair to ſupply that defect. In memory of which action, the Senate of Rome ordered a temple to be erected, and dedicated to Venus the Bald.

He then returned to England after an abſence of four years, of which time he had paſſed near two in a priſon.

He was, (ſays *Mademoiſelle Heritier*) remarkably handſome and well made; his eyes were blue and ſparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow; he poſſeſſed great bodily ſtrength, much perſonal courage, and was an illuſtrious warrior; but his love of glory, made him neglect the happineſs of his ſubjects, for during a reign of ten years, he was but eight months in his kingdom. He wrote in verſe and proſe, among the former, is a ſonnet much eſteemed,—alſo ſome memoirs and little hiſtorical anecdotes, ſaid to be the production of his pen while he was in confinement. Theſe manuſcripts happened to fall into the hands of *Mademoiſelle Heritier*, one of which, ſhe has publiſhed under the title of *Contes Anglois*. In her hiſtory

of *la Tour Ténébreuſe*,* ſhe has related nothing but what ſhe found in manuſcript, written by the King himſelf, which ſhe has dreſſed up in the form of a novel.

It is reported by ſome authors, that Richard in going to beſiege the caſtle of *Chalus* in *Limoſin*, was ſhot with a poiſoned arrow, of which wound he died April the ſixth, 1199, and ordered his body to be diſpoſed of in the following manner: viz. his bowels to be buried at *Charrona* amongſt his rebellious *Poictovins*;—His heart at *Rouen*, for her conſtant loyalty;—and his corps at *Fontevraut*, at his father's feet, as a ſubmiſſion for his former undutifulneſs.

MADAME

* Meant for the caſtle in which the King was confined.

MADAME DURAND.

THIS lady's maiden name, was Catherine *Bedacier*. We are not informed as to the time of her birth, and only learn, that ſhe died, 1736, at a very advanced age. She compoſed a great number of novels, which were much admired in France. Among many entertaining anecdotes, ſhe gives an account of Charles the ſeventh. (ſirnamed the *Victorious*. The beginning of this Prince's reign, was very unfortunate, owing, ſays Madam *Durand*, to his love of pleaſure, and his weakneſs, in reſpect to his favorites. Whilſt he was ſpending his time in gallantry, ſports, and feſtivals, and giving himſelf up to the moſt voluptuous pleaſures, the Engliſh became maſters of a great part of France. But Charles, heedleſs, and negligent of his glory, ſeemed inſenſible to every thing but his paſſion for

for the lovely *Agnès Sorel*, who eclipſed the moſt celebrated ladies of the court. This beautiful woman was born at *Fromenteau*, a village of *Touraine*. She was as remarkable for her wit, and artful addreſs, as for the graces of her perſon, and faſcinating beauty; ſhe would often reproach the King with his indolence, in tamely ſubmitting to the daily encroachments which the Engliſh made on his dominions, without the leaſt endeavor, on his ſide, to prevent their growing conqueſts. This was not the only effort ſhe tried, to rouze the King from his apathy; that which follows, ſhews the ſubtilty, and art of this extraordinary, and artful woman. At that time, there appeared at the court of Charles, a ſtranger well verſed in the ſciences of aſtronomy, and aſtrology. One day, when this ſtranger was walking in the gardens of the palace, he was obſerved by the King, who was

in

in another walk, accompanied by *Agnès Sorel:* The King enquiring of *Agnès* who he was? ſhe replied, That he was a great aſtronomer, and deeply verſed in thoſe occult myſteries, and particularly of telling future events. Whereupon, the King expreſſed a deſire of making trial of his ſkill; *Agnès* replied, he could not do better, than put the dexterity of his art to the proof. For at that time, ſays Madam *Durand*, they gave the higheſt credit to every thing thoſe aſtrologers were pleaſed to advance, among a people blinded by ſuperſtition, ignorance, and prieſtcraft; ſo that ſometimes their prophecies had good effects, and at others, they were highly pernicious. The King, then joined the aſtrologer, who affected to pay him very little regard, but turning towards *Agnès*, he examined her phyſiognomy with the utmoſt attention, and then, addreſſed her as follows; " Either,

" (ſaid

" (ſaid he) all the rules of my art are " falſe, or you ought to be the miſtreſs " of the greateſt Monarch in the uni- " verſe; (then turning to the King) " you have heard me Sire, pronounce " her deſtiny, and you cannot take it " ill, if ſhe quits you; it is not here " with you, but at the court of Eng- " land, where my propheſy is moſt " likely to be fulfilled." This ſevere remark had the deſired effect; Charles was ſo ſenſibly touched, that he immediately took up arms, and drove the Engliſh out of his dominions, and ſecured the poſſeſſion of his beloved miſtreſs, who affected a diſpoſition to follow her better ſtars. But it was not to this woman alone, that Prince owed the greateſt part of his glory;—for JOAN of ARC, a woman better known by the name of *Pucelle*, or maid of *Orleans*, poſſeſſing a manly fortitude and enthuſiaſtic turn of mind, headed the troops, with

with which ſhe ſuccoured *Orleans*, and drove the Engliſh from before it, defeated Talbot at the battle of *Patai*, reconquered *Champaigne*, and cauſed the King to be crowned at *Rheims*, by *Renauld* of *Chartres*, Archbiſhop of that city, and Chancellor of France, July the ſevententh, 1429. But this valiant, and extraordinary young woman, after performing ſuch ſignal ſervices to her King and Native Country, was taken priſoner by the Engliſh, and to the reproach of our own nation, was burnt at *Roan*, on the thirtieth of May, 1431, an act of ſavage cruelty, which we would willingly attribute to the ignorance of the times, and the weakneſs of the laws, which at that time were in force, againſt reputed witches* in France, as well as in England.

Madam

* The wife of *Concini* Marſhal *D'Ancre* was executed at Paris for *bewitching* the Queen of France. On her trial,

Madam Durand, alſo compoſed a little hiſtory which ſhe calls *les Belles Grecques*, or the Grecian Beauties. Theſe anecdotes ſhe ſeems to have taken ſome pains in collecting from Greek and Latin authors. The firſt ſhe mentions is RHODOPE, a very beautiful ſlave, born in *Thrace:* ſhe was purchaſed by *Xanthus* the philoſopher, who returned into Egypt with his lovely captive and preſented her to his wife. *Xanthus* ſoon after, bought the celebrated *Æſop*, and notwithſtanding his ill-favored countenance, and the deformity of his perſon, he, by the charms of his wit and converſation made ſuch an impreſſion on the heart of the fair *Rhodope*, that ſhe preferred him to all the other ſlaves.—*Æſop* was not inſenſible to this partiality,

trial, the Judges aſked her by what ſecret arts ſhe ſo abſolutely governed the Queen? By thoſe arts, ſaid ſhe, which people of ſuperior abilities govern thoſe who are of weak underſtandings.

ty, which was ſo highly flattering to him, that in return, he loved her moſt paſſionately, and always endeavored to aſſiſt her in her labours, and leſſen her fatigues when he could, and ſpare if poſſible, the delicate hands of his lovely miſtreſs. But a circumſtance ſoon happened, which put an end to their mutual happineſs. *Charaxus* of *Mitylene*, *Sappho*'s brother, having heard of the extraordinary beauty of *Rhodope*, purchaſed her at a very high price, of the philoſopher; and ſome time after, gave her, her freedom. But ſhe, not much attached to her new lover, very ungratefully left him, taking with her, money, and jewels to a great amount, which he had given her, and retired to *Naucratis*, a town in *Egypt*, where the inhabitants were exceedingly rich, and gave themſelves up, to every kind of voluptuouſneſs. *Phaon*, who had been ſo adored by *Sappho*, hearing of the ſu-

perlative beauty of *Rhodope*, took a journey into *Ægypt*, in order to ſee her. She however, was greatly flattered in the conqueſt of the heart of *Phaon*, a heart, whoſe indifference had but juſt before, cauſed the untimely death of the inimitable *Sappho*. For ſome time, theſe two lovers, lived in the moſt perfect harmony, but *Phaon* always fickle, quitted *Rhodope*, who ſoon conſoled herſelf by admitting other lovers.

THE next beauty whom Madam *Durand* mentions, is, ASPASIA, born at *Miletum*, the daughter of *Axiochus*. She was a lady of great learning, elocution, and beauty. At the age of ſixteen, ſhe accompanied her father to *Athens*, where ſhe was no leſs admired for her underſtanding than her perſonal accompliſhments, which conquered *Pericles*, the *Athenian* General; and ſtaggered even the philoſophy of Socrates: She however

ever became the wife of *Pericles*, to whom it is ſaid he owed much of his popularity, and often recited publicly, harangues which ſhe had compoſed.

THE next Grecian beauty Madam *Durand* ſpeaks of, is LAMIA miſtreſs to *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*: ſhe played finely on the flute; and was taken in a ſea-fight, in which, *Demetrius Poliorcartes*, gained the victory over *Ptolemy*; and though ſhe was rather at that time advanced in years, gained the affections of *Demetrius*, by her wit, her eloquence, and extraordinary fine underſtanding. The *Athenians* built a temple in honor to her, under the name of VENUS LAMIA.

THOUGH *Demetrius* was in the prime and vigor of life, and *Lamia*'s charms in their decline, yet he loved her above all his other miſtreſſes; who were

ſoon convinced, that the powers of youth, and beauty, ſoon loſe their attractions, when they are not accompanied by good ſenſe, fine accompliſhments, ſweetneſs of temper, and an amiable deportment, neceſſary requiſites, for a woman to *preſerve* the affections of the man ſhe loves.

Lais, was alſo a famous courtezan, born at *Hyccara* in *Theſſaly;* her wit was ſo much talked of in Greece, that ſhe was even courted by princes, orators, and the greateſt philoſophers; for the ſevere *Demoſthenes*, went ſecretly to *Corinth*, where ſhe reſided, on purpoſe to viſit her; but *Lais* demanding near four hundred pounds for her favors, he returned, ſaying, " *Aux dieux* " *ne plaiſe, que j' àchete ſi cher, un re-* " *pentir*" i. e. " *The Gods forbid that I* " *ſhould buy repentance ſo dear.*" But *Diogenes* the Cynic, who was paſſionately

ly in love with her, was more fortunate than *Demoſthenes*, for notwithſtanding his extreme poverty, and exceſſive ſlovenlineſs, ſhe did not diſdain to liſten to his paſſion. The philoſopher *Ariſtipus* was almoſt ruined by her extravagancies. *Apelles* the famous painter, was the firſt who made an impreſſion on the heart of *Lais*, at which time ſhe was very young, and at the ſummit of all her dazzling beauty; but being of an inconſtant diſpoſition, ſhe ſhewed a preference to others, which *Apelles* highly reſenting, he quitted her, and did not ſee her till many years after, when ſome affairs bringing him to *Corinth*, he waited upon *Lais*, who, though no longer young, or poſſeſſing thoſe raviſhing charms which had ſo powerfully operated on the hearts of her admirers, yet, ſhe ſtill retained ſufficient attractions to captivate all who beheld her. *Apelles'* reception was not quite ſo cor-

dial as he expected, at which, he was ſo exceedingly piqued, that he was determined to be revenged on her, by mortifying her vanity. He therefore feigning not to perceive her coldneſs towards him, entreated her to ſit for her picture, to which, *Lais* very readily conſented. At this time, *Pauſanias*, a young *Theſſalian* nobleman made a journey to *Corinth* to ſee this famous courtezan. The firſt night of his arrival, he ſaw her at the play, and was greatly captivated with her charms, and witty converſation; and *Lais* was no leſs pleaſed with the new conqueſt ſhe had made. *Apelles* perceiving the growing paſſion of the young *Theſſalian*, was determined to convince him, that *Lais* was not the *ſame* beautiful *Lais*, which had made ſuch havock with mankind, as heretofore. He therefore deſired her to ſit again the next day, as he intended to put the finiſhing ſtroke to her picture.

Apelles

Apelles kept his word, and exerted his utmoſt ſkill to paint her exactly as ſhe really was,* both as to her perſon and manner, without the leaſt flattery, or adding the moſt trifling ornament, which is even neceſſary in a portrait, to ſet off beauty to advantage. In a word, he neglected every kind of embelliſhment that could in the leaſt degree, afford a pleaſing effect to the picture, and yet, the niceſt judge could not find the leaſt fault, or ſay it was not a perfect likeneſs: he even pretended that he omitted all ornaments out of mere compliment, not being able to add to ſuch Native Beauty. But he had no ſooner finiſhed the portrait, than he placed it beſide

* One of *Apelles* chief excellencies was, his making his pictures ſo exactly reſemble the perſons that he painted, that the phyſiognomiſts could form a judgment as well from his portraits, as if they had ſeen the originals.

beſide another, which he had painted when ſhe was in her higheſt bloom.

THIS artifice of *Apelles*, had the deſired effect, for *Pauſanias* perceiving how much the beauty of *Lais* was impaired by time, began to wiſh himſelf at home, where he had left a young and amiable woman who was but little inferior in point of beauty to the portrait of *Lais* even in her youth, and to whom he had already promiſed marriage. He therefore returned to *Theſſaly*, to which place *Lais* full of rage and deſpair followed him, and tried by every artifice in her power to captivate him, but not ſucceeding, ſhe determined to return no more to *Corinth*. She therefore purchaſed a houſe, which ſhe furniſhed in the moſt expenſive and magnificent manner at *Theſſaly*, and there collected a number of young and beautiful virgins, which ſhe cloathed moſt ſumptuouſly, on purpoſe

poſe to attract the notice of the men, and draw them to her houſe: this conduct, ſo incenſed the women of *Theſſaly*, that it is ſaid, they beat her to death in the temple of Venus.

LOUISE FRANCOISE *de* HARLEY, MARCHIONESS DE VIELBOURG.

NO one was ever more eſteemed, or admired than this illuſtrious lady, who had a ſingular taſte for the ſciences, and was well verſed in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. To her literary talents, and extenſive knowledge, ſhe united every amiable virtue that can adorn the ſex. We are ignorant as to the time of either her birth, or death; but, we believe ſhe was living about the year 1685.

MADAME DE ROCHECHOUARD.

A Cotemporary with the Marchioneſs *de Vielbourg*, was alſo a woman of extraordinary merit. One of the moſt admired productions of this lady's pen, is entitled, *Queſtion ſur la Politeſſe;* publiſhed in Holland, by *Monſieur Saint-Hyacinthe.* " Politeneſs, (ſays this ele-
" gant writer) is by no means to be
" confounded with civility, which con-
" ſiſts in *unmeaning* ceremonies, over
" officiouſneſs, flattery, and diſſimula-
" tion. *True* politeneſs, is the natural
" offspring of a mind fraught with be-
" nevolence, tenderneſs, and humanity.
" *True* politeneſs, conſiſts in making
" others happy; in ſhewing an obliging
" attention to thoſe about us; to com-
" paſſionate the misfortunes of others,
" and to alleviate them if in our pow-
" er. *True* politeneſs will never de-
" baſe itſelf by a ſervile, or mean com-
" placency

" placency towards a ſuperior, or by
" inſulting thoſe whom fortune hath
" placed in a lower ſphere, by arro-
" gantly aſſuming an air of ſelf-im-
" portance, or by treating ſuch, with
" an affected indifference, which can-
" not but ſenſibly wound a ſuſceptible
" heart, eſpecially, if poſſeſſed of nice
" ſentiments, and delicate feeling, and
" perhaps conſcious of *no other infe-*
" *riority*, but want of equal fortune."

THIS lady's ideas of *true* politeneſs, ſeem to coincide with thoſe of *Rouſſeau*, who ſays, " True politeneſs conſiſts in " ſhewing benevolence to mankind. " The honeſt intereſt of humanity, the " ſimple and affecting overflowings of " an open heart, have a language very " different from the falſe glare of po- " liteneſs, and the deceitful appearance " which the cuſtom of the world re- " quires." In ſhort, *true* politeneſs, and

and good breeding, does not ſo much depend upon words, as upon a certain *je ne ſais quoi*, which every body feels, but no body can perfectly define.—The civileſt being on earth, is to be found behind a mercer's counter; yet *that ſort* of civility is always offenſive to ſenſible well-bred people. The picture drawn by MANDEVILLE, of a ſpruce mercer, and a young lady his cuſtomer, is coloured cloſe to nature, nor would it be difficult, we apprehend, for a good phyſiognomiſt to ſelect from a large company, every man, however rich, or *be-titled*, who had in the early part of his life, ſtood looking *pretty* and *civil*, behind a counter, from the ſpruce mercer, down to the man-milliner.

THE Marchioneſs DE SIMIONE, Madames D'USSE, VATRY, MASQUIERE, HALLAY, and FERRIERES, were

were all celebrated for their literary talents. Their poetical productions were held in great eſtimation, both for elegance of ſtyle, and delicacy of ſentiment, with which they abound.

MADAME DE GOMEZ,

WAS ſiſter to the celebrated *Francois Arnoul Poiſſon*, who was one of the beſt comic actors of his time; and who uſed to play the part of Criſpin with great applauſe. She was born at Paris, November the twenty-ſecond, 1684, and lived at St. *Germain en laye*, where ſhe was greatly reſpected for her amiable qualities, her wit, and her humour. She compoſed a great number of novels, which are written in an eaſy and natural ſtyle; many of them are in imitation of thoſe written by the Queen of *Navarre*. Her reflections on the

Paſſion of Love, is, we think, one of her beſt productions. She defines that paſſion, as the origin of all the moſt amiable virtues that can adorn humanity, and makes uſe of nearly the ſame arguments to prove the juſtneſs of her hypotheſis as we find in the *Debat de Folie & d'Amour*, written by *Louiſe Labe*.

Madame de STAAL.

A Writer of diſtinguiſhed abilities, known firſt by the name of *Mademoiſelle Launai*, was born at Paris. Her father, who was by profeſſion a painter, was for ſome reaſons, obliged to quit France, and ſettle in England, leaving his wife and daughter in Paris, who having nothing to ſupport them, were reduced to the utmoſt indigence, till they were happily relieved by ſome friends, who generouſly contributed to their

their ſupport. The Prioreſs of the convent of St. Lewis at *Rouen*, very humanely took care of *Mademoiſelle de Launai*, whom ſhe educated, and treated in all reſpects, as ſhe did the other penſioners, though ſome were of high rank. " By which means (ſays *Made-*
" *moiſelle de Launai*, in her memoirs)
" I received an education much ſupe-
" rior to what my birth, and condition
" intitled me. It happened to me,
" juſt the reverſe to that, which we find
" in romance, where the heroine, is
" brought up as a ſimple ſhepherdeſs,
" and at laſt finds herſelf to be an il-
" luſtrious princeſs: whereas, I was
" treated in my infancy as a perſon of
" diſtinction, and afterwards diſcovered
" to my great mortification, that I had
" ſprung from nothing, and had no-
" thing in the world belonging to me.
" My mind not yielding to my bad
" fortune, I never was able to ſubmit

" eaſily to be under the ſubjection, and
" tyranny of others, or ſuffer quietly
" thoſe indignities to which my ſitua-
" tion ſo often ſubjected me."

In ſhort, *Mademoiſelle de Launai* after having acquired a taſte for the elegancies of high life, and experienced every kind of indulgence, found herſelf at the age of ſixteen, or ſeventeen, reduced to the moſt humiliating condition, turned out, into the wide world, without friends or money, and deprived of every means of ſupport, by the unfortunate death of the Lady Abbeſs her Protectreſs.

At length, through the recommendations of the *Abbé de Vertot*, and *Monſieur Brunel*, ſhe was appointed to be waiting-maid to the Ducheſs *du Maine*. But finding herſelf unable to diſcharge the ſervile duties of that office, ſhe was again

again reduced to extreme poverty, and perhaps would never have experienced a better fate, but for the following accident.

A young girl named *Tétard*, born at Paris, by the perſuaſions of her mother, counterfeited being *poſſeſſed*. All Paris went to ſee her, and nothing elſe was talked of but this *pretended* Demoniſt. It was upon this occaſion, that *Mademoiſelle Launai* wrote a letter to *Monſieur Fontenelle*, which contained ſuch good ſenſe, ſuch ſhrewd obſervations, and was written in ſo elegant a ſtyle, that *Fontenelle* ſhewed it to many perſons of the firſt condition, among whom, was the Ducheſs *du Maine*; who recollecting that the writer of it, had ſerved her in the capacity of a waiting-maid, immediately ſent for her, beſtowed a thouſand careſſes on her, and lamented that ſhe had not been made acquainted

with her extraordinary merit before. From that moment, the Ducheſs employed her to ſuperintend all the entertainments which were given at *Sceaux.** This was an extenſive field, for *Mademoiſelle de Launai* to exert her taſte, and genius in, and make known her literary talents, as ſhe wrote verſes for ſome of the theatrical pieces which were played there, by which ſhe gained great applauſe; and by her modeſty, prudence and judgment, ſhe ſoon acquired the eſteem and confidence of the Princeſs, and was admired, and reſpected by the whole court. But at length, being involved in the troubles and diſgrace, of her illuſtrious miſtreſs, under the regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, ſhe was confined two years in the Baſtile. Upon her regaining her liberty, ſhe was married to *Monſieur de Staal*, (Lieutenant of the Swiſs Guards, afterwards Marſhal

* A ſeat of the Duke *de Maine's*.

Marſhal *de Camp*) and was made *Dame-d'honneur* to the Ducheſs *du Maine*.

Her memoirs written by herſelf, were not publiſhed till after her death. The firſt volume of which, contains an account of Lewis the fourteenth, the troubles in which the Princes of the Blood were involved, at that Monarch's death, &c. Her ſtyle is correct, and elegant. Two of her comedies, one entitled *L'Engoûment*, and the other, *La Mode*, have been held in the higheſt eſtimation: whoever reads the originals, cannot fail of meeting with infinite entertainment. She died in June, 1750, regretted by all who had the happineſs of knowing her virtues, and reliſhing her writings.

The account Madam *de Staal* gives of her firſt entering into the Baſtile, where ſhe was conducted at ſeven o'clock

o'clock at night in the depth of winter, is as follows.

" After having paſſed the bridge, " where my ears were ſaluted by the " noiſe of heavy chains (no very agree- " able harmony) they conducted me " into a very large chamber, which af- " forded no other proſpect than the " naked walls, exceedingly naſty and " blackened by my predeceſſors, nor " was there the leaſt furniture of any " kind, till they fetched me a chair. " They then brought a ſmall faggot, " with which they made a little fire, " and ſtuck a piece of candle on the " wall. All theſe neceſſaries being " procured me, the Turnkey (which " Madam *de Staal* laughingly calls the " *Governor*) retired, but not without " firſt ſecuring the door with five or ſix " locks, and a ſtrong iron bolt."

In this melancholy ſituation, Madam *de Staal* was left alone for ſome time, ſitting oppoſite a miſerable half-ſtarved fire, ſuffering the moſt cruel inquietude, when the *Governor* appeared again, accompanied by his *Fille de Chambre*, who conducted her into another apartment, without ſpeaking ſcarce a word, or giving any reaſon for ſo doing. "For "(ſays ſhe) the people who ſuperin-"tend that place, put on ſo reſerved a "countenance, and ſuch a myſterious "air, that they diſcourage one from "aſking the moſt trifling queſtion."—

As ſoon as they had put up two ſmall beds for her, and the maid-ſervant, beſide a few other neceſſaries, Madam *de Staal* was reconducted into her firſt apartment. The beds were ſo filthy, that Madam *de Staal* ventured to complain of it, but was told in anſwer, that they were *the King's beds*, adding, ſhe

ſhe muſt be content with them, and without waiting for any reply, they left the room in a rude and ſurly manner, banging the door after them.* However, Madam *de Staal* poſſeſſed a mind, too well fortified with philoſophy to ſink under this misfortune, and even was ſo far reconciled with her ſituation, that in a ſhort time, ſhe began to think her priſon, (which had at firſt filled her mind

* Tho' *Madame de Staal*, gives ſo unfavorable a picture of the inſide of the *Baſtile*, we can venture to aſſure our readers, that at this time, ſtate priſoners, are accommodated there, ſuitable to their rank, and that they have an excellent table provided for them, at the King's expence. *Madame de Bleſell* ſiſter to Lord Dillon) viſited the unfortunate General Lally, ſeveral times during his confinement, and we have her authority to ſay, that ſtate offenders of faſhion, are well provided for: and Colonel *Cullen*, (of the Iriſh Brigades) aſſured us, upon the late King's death, an Iriſh officer, who had been a great number of years in durance there, being diſcharged, wiſhed himſelf returned to his former bed and board, though he found a conſiderable ſum of money where he had hid it, a few days before his commitment.

mind with the utmoſt horror) the moſt agreeable place ſhe ever was in. For it ſeems, during her ſtay there, ſhe became acquainted (if I may make uſe of the expreſſion*) with the *Chevalier de Meſnil*, (alſo a ſtate priſoner) who lodged in the next room to her—and had found out the means of making the deepeſt impreſſion on the heart of Madam *de Staal*, (then *Mademoiſelle Launai*) who now found a thouſand charms in her priſon.

" It is (ſays Madam *de Staal*) in a-
" greeable ſolitude, and charming re-
" tirements where Love chuſes to re-
" ſide. But one would not have ima-
" gined that that all-powerful Deity
" would ever have choſen his abode in
" the Baſtile."

The

* It muſt be obſerved, that during this correſpondence between the two lovers, they never ſaw each other: it is true, that they converſed, wrote, and loved, but it was in the ſtyle of *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*.

THE *Chevalier*'s paſſion for *Mademoiſelle Launai* was reciprocal, and though the two priſoners were very ſtrictly guarded, yet they found means to write and conſole each other.——This correſpondence had ſo many charms for *Mademoiſelle Launai*, that ſhe even dreaded to receive her liberty. One of her letters to the *Chevalier* begins thus:

" I am far happier than you my dear
" friend and fellow-priſoner, the deſire
" of liberty does not in the leaſt tor-
" ment me, I prize it much leſs than
" you are able to imagine. But ſo far
" am I from thinking that I have loſt
" it, I look upon it, (don't be ſtartled
" at my paradox) I have in *reality*
" found it. FREEDOM, does not de-
" pend on a door being ſhut or open,
" it depends alone on the mind: it is
" an error, to think that we are free in
" the midſt of ſociety, or in public.

" Where

" Where is the freedom, if the leaſt of
" our actions are liable to be ſcruti-
" nized? We are ſlaves to the tyran-
" ny of cuſtom, and faſhion of the
" world; we dare not even think or act
" agreeable to our own inclinations or
" ſentiments; our judgments are miſ-
" guided, and our reaſon is ſeduced;
" 'tis in ſolitude only, we can enjoy
" the free liberty of thought, or be
" taught to form a juſt idea, and have
" a true knowledge of ourſelves; for I
" confeſs ingenuouſly, I never till now,
" was well acquainted with myſelf; and
" in ſtudying ourſelves impartially, and
" examining our nature with a ſtrict at-
" tention, we gain a complete know-
" ledge of mankind in general, for
" each individual will find within him-
" ſelf, an Epitome of the whole world.
" I therefore look upon it, that I have
" acquired much more than I have loſt,
" and I am ſo ſenſible of this truth, that

" I feel, every prejudice that could
" provoke a contrary opinion, entirely
" vaniſh.—Study then, my dear friend,
" and endeavor to overcome your's
" alſo; let us taſte the pleaſure of
" cheating our condition, and *that* for-
" tune, which would continue to perſe-
" cute us, let us make all the evils that
" are prepared for us, turn out for our
" good and advantage."

On *Mademoiſelle Launai*'s recovering her liberty, ſhe however loſt her lover, whoſe infidelity, for ſome time, cauſed her much affliction. But ſhe was ſoon addreſſed by many others, though ſhe was very far from being handſome, but ſhe poſſeſſed attractions infinitely *ſuperior* to perſonal beauty. *Monſieur Dacier*, having loſt his wife, endeavored to find conſolation in an union with *Mademoiſelle Launai;* but the Ducheſs *du Maine* would not conſent to the match. In ſhort,

ſhort, *Mademoiſelle Launai* began to be tired, and diſcontented with her ſituation, which was at beſt only a genteel ſervitude, and being perhaps chagrined by the loſs of her lover, the *Chavelier du Meſnil*, ſhe formed a reſolution of retiring to a convent. The Ducheſs, (to whom ſhe was of the utmoſt uſe) oppoſed this very ſtrongly, and immediately concluded a match between her and Captain *Staal*, ſince Marſhal *de Camp;* upon which, Madam *de Staal* was appointed *Dame-d'honneur*, to the Ducheſs, had the honor to eat at the ſame table, and accompany her illuſtrious miſtreſs in her coach.

A lady of great wit, and of high rank; had drawn a portrait of Madam *de Staal's* perſon and character, which that lady looked upon to be ſo full of partiality and flattery, that ſhe did not

approve of it, and therefore drew it herſelf in the following manner.

" As ſoon as I ſaw this portrait, (ſays " Madam *de Staal)* I found it was " drawn with more prejudice and po- " liteneſs, than truth; for there was no " traits of the original to be found.— " Therefore, I was determined to make " it myſelf, to convince my friend of " her miſtake; and that the following " ſketch is, in my opinion, more like.

" *Launai* is of the middle ſize, lean, " parched, dry, and diſagreeable; her " mind, and character reſembles her " figure—no deformity or irregularity, " but nothing agreeable—her bad for- " tune, has greatly contributed to make " her of value. Thoſe in general, who " have had neither the advantages of " birth or fortune, for the moſt part, " have failed alſo in the advantage of

" a good

" a good education, but *Launai*, very
" fortunately, received a moſt excel-
" lent one, from which ſhe derived, all
" the good ſhe has ever experienced,
" and has moſt religiouſly adhered
" throughout her conduct, to follow
" ſtrictly the principles of virtue, which
" from a long and early practice, have
" become natural to her.—Her greateſt
" folly has been, to appear always rea-
" ſonable, and like ſimple women, who
" by pinching up their bodies in ſtays,
" think to make their ſhapes fine; ſo ſhe,
" by poſſeſſing too much reaſon, has
" found it very troubleſome: She how-
" ever, has never been able to alter her
" humour, or to conquer her opinion,
" as to the *equality* of individuals;
" which temper, has not rendered her
" always agreeable to thoſe whom ſhe
" has ſerved, and who have been taught
" to think there is a wider difference be-
" tween one mortal, and another, than

" in *reality* there is; a misfortune to de-
" licate minds, dependent on mankind.
" With all her faults and defects, ſhe
" has acquired ſome degree of reputa-
" tion, which ſhe owes to two acciden-
" tal circumſtances, one whereof made
" known that ſhe was not deſtitute of
" underſtanding; and the other, ſhewed
" ſhe poſſeſſed ſome ſmall portion of
" diſcretion, as well as courage and
" reſolution. Theſe events being well
" known, they made *her*, alſo known,
" in ſpite of the obſcurity of her con-
" dition, and have procured her that
" reſpect, and conſideration above her
" ſituation, or what ſhe could either
" have expected or have hoped for.—
" She has endeavored to check the
" leaſt vanity ariſing from a ſuperior
" change of fortune—but the ſatisfac-
" faction ſhe feels from being exempt
" from vanity, manifeſtly indicates, ſhe
" is not without it. She has ſpent her

" life

" life in ſerious reflections, and occu-
" pations, rather to fortify her reaſon,
" than to ornament her mind, in which
" ſhe has made but little progreſs.—
" Never bigotted, or prejudiced ſo
" much in favor of an opinion, as not
" eaſily (upon conviction) to reject it,
" as ſhe received it; in conſequence of
" which, ſhe ſeldom or ever diſputed.
" She has read a great deal; and has
" ſought with care and attention, the
" knowledge of each duty attending
" her condition, and hath attended to it
" often, at the expence of her taſte and
" humour. The love of liberty is her
" predominant paſſion, an unfortunate
" paſſion indeed, for one who has paſſed
" the greateſt part of her time in ſer-
" vitude,—her condition therefore, has
" always been inſupportable to her, in
" ſpite of all the unexpected advan-
" tages ſhe has found. She poſſeſſes a
" mind very ſuſceptible of friendſhip,
" nevertheleſs,

" nevertheleſs, is more touched with " the merit and virtues of her friends, " than for the ſentiments they poſſeſs " in her favor."

MADAM *de Staal* was very highly complimented in ſome elegant verſes written by the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, which we could have wiſhed to have introduced here, but for the great length of them.

SOME have ventured to ſay, ſhe was not ſo amiable, as ſhe appears to be in her writings: many of her cotemporaries have pronounced her to be a flutiſh, capricious, and pedantic woman; but add, that nothing ever equalled the gaiety and vivacity of her wit, when ſhe was in good humour with herſelf, and with thoſe about her: and would often come out with remarkably brilliant repartees, and *bon mots*.—But her ſallies

fallies of wit were generally very ſatirical, and pointed with too much acrimony.

COUNTESS DE FONTAINES,

DAUGHTER to the Marquis *de Givri*, compoſed two romances, which were exceedingly admired, and met with uncommon ſucceſs, *Aménophis*, and *la Comteſs de Savoye;* the latter, was much extolled by VOLTAIRE, who compoſed a very elegant compliment in verſe, addreſſed to the Counteſs upon the occaſion; but what does the Counteſs more honor, is, their having been the means of furniſhing *Voltaire* with the ſubject for two of his moſt celebrated tragedies, *Artemire* and *Tancrede*. She died in 1748, leaving a ſon and daughter, who inherited all the excellent

lent qualities of their amiable mother; they were both living in 1767.

MADAME DE RICHEBOURGE.

THE productions of this lady's pen, do not ſeem to have met with much approbation, even from her own countrymen, who ſpeak rather in ſlighting terms of her writings, which conſiſt chiefly of a number of Spaniſh novels, which ſhe has tranſlated into French.—Her ſtyle in general, is very prolix, and the matter ſhe has choſen, afford but very few intereſting incidents, two circumſtances, inſupportable in fiction, particularly, as thoſe kind of compoſitions, can have no other claim to the reader's favor, than what they may merit, from abounding with ſentiment, wit, and delicacy, at the ſame time, impreſſing the mind of the reader with a taſte for

for MORALITY, and VIRTUE.* If they fail in reſpect to thoſe important objects, they cannot poſſibly afford either improvement, or entertainment. On the contrary, they are the cauſe of much miſchief,† as they tend to poiſon the minds of young women, giving them a taſte for pleaſure and diſſipation, and of courſe, a *diſreliſh*, for thoſe ſtudies, and occupations, worthy the purſuit of REASONABLE beings.——The Editor of theſe ſheets, is well aware, how much *contempt*, if not *reſentment*, ſhe may bring upon herſelf, from the majority of the *novel reading* ladies, of the preſent age, (whoſe

* None can have a more juſt claim in reſpect to *theſe* points, than the truly elegant and ſentimental compoſitions of a FIELDING, or a ROBINSON.

† May it not be reaſonably concluded, that the reading of theſe pernicious compoſitions which tend to inflame the mind, and inſpire a turn for coquetry, and intrigue, have been the *real* cauſe of ſo many recent ADULTERIES here?

(whoſe erroneous education makes it next to impoſſible, to allow themſelves time, or inclination, for ſerious reflection) for venturing to diſapprove of their *favorite* amuſement; but her concern, and pity, for the younger part of her miſguided countrywomen, ſurmounts ſuch conſiderations, and urges her to expreſs the concern ſhe feels to ſee ENGLISH WOMEN, formerly ſo renowned for their ſuperior virtue, ſo diſtinguiſhed for their MODESTY, ſo admired by foreigners for the elegance of their deportment, and every charm that could render them objects of reſpect, love, and eſteem, now ſo fallen, that the generality of them are become odious, and diſguſtful in the eyes of the diſcerning part of their own countrymen, and the ridicule of foreigners.—An aſſuming air, and an arrogant boldneſs, is certainly not the true characteriſtic of the ſex; they highly miſtake their

their aim, if they think by ſuch means to appear amiable in the eyes of men, for men naturally admire that *femality* and form in a woman that is requiſite to contraſt, and diſtinguiſh the ſex, and equally abhor every appearance, that is maſculine. The better to eſtabliſh this truth, we muſt repeat what ROUSSEAU, has ſaid upon the ſubject of female modeſty.

" BOLDNESS (ſays *Rouſſeau)* in a wo-
" man, is a certain mark of her ſhame:
" it is becauſe ſhe has too much to
" bluſh at, that ſhe bluſhes not at all.
" And if modeſty ſometimes ſurvives
" chaſtity, what opinion can we enter-
" tain of a woman's chaſtity, when e-
" ven her modeſty is extinct? Sweet
" modeſty! ſupreme pleaſure of love!
" How many charms does a woman
" loſe when ſhe loſes thee? how many,
" if they knew the power of thy em-

" pire, would be careful to preſerve
" thee?

In this manner does that inimitable writer expreſs his abhorrence of a contrary conduct, and theſe are not only his own ſentiments, but the ſentiments of every man of ſenſe. The woman who parts with the *appearance* even of modeſty and diffidence, parts with a beauty far ſuperior to face or feature. Can any thing be more diſguſtful to a man, than to ſee the woman he admires in a habit ſo like his own, that at a diſtance he does not know, whether it be the captain of the guard, or the treaſurer of his heart who is approaching him? Riding-habits may be very convenient to ride in, but a woman (if ſhe acted with policy) ſhould avoid being ſeen as little as poſſible in a dreſs ſo unlike her own, and ſo unſuitable to her ſex. How would a woman like to ſee

the

the man ſhe preferred, dreſſed half woman, half man? Youth and beauty will overcome every deformity of dreſs, but young and old, little and big, are perpetually moving about in ſuch maſculine habits, and ſuch tumps of feathers on their heads, that they remind us more of the approach of a funeral, than a living female.

SINCE we are upon this ſubject, we take the liberty to give a ſhort extract from Mr. GRAVES, the ingenious Gentleman whoſe name is prefixed to this volume, and author of the Spiritual Quixote.

" *Your own apparel wear:* nor hope to charm
" By *manly* airs, which all your power diſarm.
" For female power in female ſoftneſs lies;
" Sweet ſmiles, or melting tears and tender ſighs.
" Can Fulvia, gambling at the midnight rout,
" Or boldly ſtrutting in her cloth ſurtout;
" Or randying, midſt the mob's tumultuous ſhout;

" Or whirling o'er the plain her lofty car;
" Fierce as Bellona, ruſhing to the war:
" Can ſuch bold Amazons with Daphne vie;
" Grace in each motion, heav'n in her eye?
" With flowing veſt, and ſweet Madona air,
" Devoutly leaning o'er her infant care;
" Who each bleſt hour with innocence employs,
" And knows no bliſs but in domeſtic joys:
" When females thus their native charms reſume,
" Extend their views beyond a tranſient bloom;
" When thus you live, attentive to your fame,
" Then men ſhall boaſt, to *call you by their name*;
" Then Beauty on her throne you'll re-inſtate,
" Whilſt crowds of vaſſals on her nod ſhall wait,
" And from her ſmiles, even kings expect their fate."

MADEMOISELLE BARBIER.

WAS a native of *Orleans* and died at Paris in an advanced age, 1745. She wrote a great deal, both in proſe and verſe, among which are two odes greatly eſteemed, one on BEAUTY, and the other on WISDOM. There is alſo

alſo a little hiſtory intitled *Ingratitude Punie*, but it is neither intereſting nor well written. The chief of her writings were for the theatre. The firſt tragedy ſhe compoſed is called ARRIE and PETUS; well known characters taken from the Roman Hiſtory, which ſhe has worked up with a great deal of feeling and ſenſibility, particularly that ſcene, wherein *Arrie* ſtabs herſelf, and gives the reeking poniard to *Petus* to follow her example. She has endeavoured throughout her writings to introduce many of thoſe female characters among the Romans and Spartans, whoſe actions and talents, did moſt honor to her own ſex.

MADAME DE GRAFIGNY.

THIS lady's maiden name was *Francoiſe D'Apponcourt*, only daughter

to *Francoiſe D'Iſſembourg* of a noble and ancient family in Germany; ſhe was born in *Lorraine*, and died at Paris 1758, in the ſixty-fourth year of her age.—This lady, to a ſolid underſtanding, and ſtrength of judgement, united a ſuſceptible heart, and an amiable diſpoſition; her engaging manner in converſation, charmed all who knew her. The early part of her life ſhe ſpent in retirement, and ſtudying the beſt authors, and then accompanied *Mlle. de Guiſe* to Paris, previous to that lady's marriage with the Duke *de Richelieu.*

Some of Madam *de Grafigny's* firſt literary productions were *Nouvelle Eſpagnole*, and *Les Lettres d'une Péruvienne*, both were much admired, but particularly the latter, as it is written with great ſpirit, and abounds with delicacy of ſentiment, elegantly expreſſed. Her theatrical pieces were alſo much eſteemed,

ed, among which number, is *Cènie*, a comedy of five acts, and another intitled *La Fille D'Ariſtide*. She alſo compoſed many other pieces in verſe and proſe; but her Peruvian letters are looked upon as her *chef-d'ouvre*. They are no doubt, intended as a ſevere ſatire on the French nation. But the writer ſeems to have carried her prejudices beyond what might have been expected from one of a liberal way of thinking, for it is certainly uncandid, to point out the vices, follies and abſurdities of any nation, and to be totally ſilent as to its excellencies. This work may be ſtyled (not we think improperly) an *hiſtorical* romance, as it ſerves to give a juſt idea of the manners, cuſtoms and religion of the Peruvians.

" THOSE people (ſays Madam *de*
" *Grafigny* in her introduction) were in
" general, free from that art and diſ-
" ſimulation,

" ſimulation, which characteriſes the
" people of almoſt all other nations.
" They were humane, and friendly,
" faithful to their princes, incapable of
" betraying a confidence repoſed in
" them, and paid ſtrict regard to truth.
" They were rigid obſervers of the laws,
" both human and divine, the latter
" they received from MANCO CAPAC,*
" whom they believed to be a child of
" the Sun; they therefore adored that
" glorious planet, but yet it was not the
" *only Divinity* to whom they rendered
" homage, for they believed in a GOD
" THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS,
" whom they acknowledged to be much
" ſuperior to all. They alſo had a great
" veneration for the Moon, whom they
" looked upon as wife or ſiſter of the
" SUN.

* The firſt King of Peru, and who built the city of *Cuſco* 1125. Their kings alſo were named *Yntip-Chutim* which ſignifies the ſon of the Sun, for they affected much to deduce their original from that Planet.

" Sun. They ſtedfaſtly believed in
" the immortality of the ſoul, and in
" eternal rewards and puniſhments.
" The virgins who were brought up in
" the temple of the Sun, could not
" marry any other than an *Ynca*.* The
" *Yncas* were alſo obliged to marry
" their own ſiſters, and if they had
" none, they *condeſcended* to take a Prin-
" ceſs of the Blood Royal. Though
" the magnificence of their temples
" were beyond deſcription, yet they
" had made but little progreſs, either
" in the arts or ſciences.† Phyſicians
" were unknown among them.‡ Their
" knowledge of medicine conſiſted on-
" ly in a few ſimples. They knew no-
" thing of geometry, but what ſerved
" them

* Thoſe who had the title of *Yncas*, were Sovereigns of Peru.

† Perhaps that was one cauſe of their extraordinary virtue.

‡ A ſure proof that luxury did not prevail.

" them to meaſure and divide their
" lands. The culture of the earth they
" eſteemed as an honorable occupation.
" They had ſome uncouth muſical in-
" ſtruments, and conſequently were not
" ignorant of ſuitable poetry. Their
" dramatical pieces, were always repre-
" ſented by the greateſt men of their
" country, in preſence of the *Yncas*,
" and all the court. MORALITY, the
" LAWS, and matters of PUBLIC UTI-
" LITY, were their chief ſtudies. They
" excelled in many kinds of works un-
" known to the Europeans; ſome of
" which, they executed admirably,*
" particularly the imitations of trees,
" flowers, fruits, &c. made of pure
" gold, of which great quantities were
" placed

* With all due deference to Madam *de Grafigny*, we cannot help thinking ſhe has a little contradicted herſelf; for how can a people be ſaid to have made but little progreſs in the arts, if they excelled in many kinds of works unknown to the Europeans?

" placed in the gardens dedicated to the
" Sun. But that, which is more won-
" derful than all, is, how theſe people
" were able to conſtruct aqueducts be-
" tween the higheſt mountains, make
" fine roads throughout their country,
" and even level rocks, without the
" help of iron inſtruments; but this
" they did by their own natural ſtrength
" only!—Such were the people (ſays
" Madam *de Grafigny)* who became the
" victims of Spaniſh avarice, and who
" exerciſed on them ſuch exceſs of cru-
" elty, that the bare reflection on it,
" fills the ſoul with horror, and makes
" humanity ſhudder."

FROM among thoſe unfortunate peo-
ple Madam *de Grafigny* has choſen for
her Heroine, a young Princeſs, named
Zilia, (daughter of one of the *Yncas*)
who had been brought up among other
young virgins in a temple dedicated to
the

the Sun, and was deſtined by her birth to eſpouſe *Aza*, ſon of the reigning *Ynca*. The celebration of their nuptials were near being concluded, when the arrival of their dreadful enemies the Spaniards, put an end to all their purſuits.

" THE two lovers, among many " others of high rank, were made pri- " ſoners, and treated (without the leaſt " regard to either ſex or condition) as " common ſlaves, and conſtrained to " follow their haughty conquerors, who, " loaded with the gold of Peru, were " returning to enrich their own coun- " try; but the Spaniſh ſhip in which " *Zilia* was on board, being attacked " by a French corſair, (commanded by " *Monſieur Deterville)* was after a very " ſharp conteſt, taken, and ſhe, with " the immenſe treaſure which the Spa- " niard had on board, fell into the " hands of *Deterville*, but the latter did

" not

" not afford him half the ſatisfaction
" and delight, as the poſſeſſion of *Zilia*,
" which he eſteemed to be a treaſure
" of a moſt ineſtimable value, whoſe
" tranſcendent beauty, modeſt deport-
" ment, and majeſtic figure, inſpired at
" firſt ſight, both love and awe, in the
" boſom of the enamoured *Deterville*,
" who endeavored by his humane con-
" duct, and tender aſſiduities, to make
" an impreſſion on the heart of his
" lovely captive; but in vain—for
" though ſhe was far from being inſen-
" ſible of the many reſpectful marks
" of attention which he paid her, ſhe
" in return, could only feel eſteem and
" gratitude, her heart being reſerved
" for *Aza* alone."

NOTHING can ſtronger paint the native ſimplicity of *Zilia*, and the total ignorance of the Peruvians in reſpect to the European cuſtoms, and manners,

than the aſtoniſhment ſhe expreſſes, and the remarks ſhe makes on her arrival in France, which is the ſubject of one of her firſt letters to *Aza*, who had been taken priſoner to Spain. But previous o our giving extracts from her letters, (if we may ſo call them) it is neceſſary to explain to the reader, in what manner ſhe correſponded with her lover, as the art of writing was at that time totally unknown to the Peruvians. For this purpoſe, they made uſe of what they called *quipes*, which were ſmall cords of divers colours, tied in knots, and made up ſomething like fringe, and by theſe knots, and colours, they produced almoſt the ſame effect as the four and twenty letters of our alphabet.—For inſtance, the yellow, noted gold; the white, ſilver; the red, ſoldiers; and ſo of other things; and the knots, or inter-lacements of the

ſmall

ſmall cords, repreſented the words, and expreſſions of the language.

After giving an account of *Deterville*'s conduct towards her, and his endeavors to win her affections, ſhe mentions her arrival in France, in the following manner.

" Immediately upon our landing, " (ſays *Zilia)* Captain *Deterville* con- " ducted me into an apartment, on en- " tering which, my heart leaped with " joy! for I perceived at the other end " of the room, a young virgin of the " Sun, to whom I ran with eager " ſteps, and arms extended, to em- " brace; but what was my ſurprize, " and aſtoniſhment, when I found my- " ſelf prevented, by an impenetrable " ſubſtance reſiſting my efforts, cloſe " to the figure, which ran with the " ſame eagerneſs towards me! I ſtarted

 " back,

" back,* it ſtarted back, my amaze-
" ment encreaſed, and rendered me
" for ſome time immoveable—my eyes
" ſtill anxiouſly fixed on the object be-
" fore me. I then obſerved the figure
" of Captain *Deterville*, who ſtood cloſe
" to me, alſo by the ſide of that which
" engroſſed my attention; I ſpoke to
" him, and touched him, and obſerved
" the ſame action in the figures before
" me, I knew not how to account for
" his being at two places at the ſame
" time, theſe ſtrange viſions greatly
" diſturbed my reaſon, and dimed my
" ſenſes; I was at a loſs to know, what
" to think of the inhabitants of this
" new country; I knew not whether I
" ought to fear, or to eſteem them.—
" *Deterville*, who perceived my aſtoniſh-
" ment, took pains to make me com-
" prehend that the figures I ſaw were
" my own ſhadow, and his; but ſtill
" my

* Madam *Grafigny* ſeems to have read Milton.

" my wonder did not ceaſe, the prodi-
" gy was not in my opinion leſſened—
" I begin to make reflections which
" mortify me exceedingly, for I find
" myſelf ignorant of what thoſe of the
" moſt common underſtandings, and
" capacities here, are well ſkilled in,
" and it is with no ſmall concern, that
" I perceive that the leaſt learned in
" this country know more, than all the
" philoſophers of *Peru*."

EVERY ſentiment and expreſſion, becomes new under the pen of *Zilia*, particularly in thoſe letters where ſhe deſcribes her love for *Aza*, recalling to his memory the care which he had taken in cultivating her mind that ſhe might be worthy of ſuch an alliance.

" WITH tranſport, (ſays *Zilia)* do I
" enjoy the pleaſing hope of being
" worthy of him I love; but at the

 " ſame

" ſame time, let me not forget that it
" is to thee, I owe all that thou haſt
" deigned to approve of in me.—The
" roſe receives its glowing beauties,
" and brilliant colour from the rays of
" the ſun;—ſo, what thou doſt find in
" me, worthy thy eſteem, and praiſe,
" are only the effects of thy inſtruc-
" tions, and enlightened genius;—no-
" thing elſe is mine, but my unlimited
" tenderneſs and affection. If thou
" hadſt not been a man who poſſeſſed
" an exalted turn of mind, moſt proba-
" bly, I ſhould have remained in that
" total ignorance, to which my ſex in
" general, is condemned; but thy ſoul,
" ſuperior to vulgar errors, looked on
" it as an abuſe which ought to be abo-
" liſhed, regarding me as a perſon wor-
" thy of friendſhip, and capable of be-
" ing thy companion, as well as parta-
" ker of thy joys."

Deterville

Deterville having brought this young Peruvian to Paris, took her to his own family, who were people of fortune and condition; the manner of her reception there, is the ſubject of another letter to *Aza*.

"UPON our arrival at the houſe of "*Deterville*, (ſays *Zilia*) he conducted "me into a moſt ſumptuous apartment, "where I found his mother and ſiſter "ſitting on a ſofa, in form not unlike "thoſe the *Yncas* ſit on in our country. "*Deterville*, kneeling at the feet of his "mother, embraced her with all filial "affection, but met with ſo cool a re-"turn, that ſhe appeared to me to have "loſt all the ſentiments of nature.— "He then, preſented me to her, on "whom ſhe only caſt a diſdainful look, "and without making any reply to the "account he gave her of what I *was*, "and what my preſent fall now is, con-

"tinued

" tinued with great gravity of counte-
" nance, to twiſt round her fingers, a
" ſtring, to which hung a little bit of
" gold. For ſome time, I was con-
" ſtrained, out of reſpect, to ſit by her,
" and was fearful of moving, or even
" ſo much as venturing to lift up my
" eyes towards her, ſo much did her
" ungracious manner, chill my mind.
" The looks ſhe caſt upon me from
" time to time, ſtill encreaſed my con-
" fuſion, and intimidated me ſtill more.
" At length, her daughter, a young
" girl, near my age, perceiving my
" embarraſſment, came ſmiling towards
" me, with a look of tender benevo-
" lence, took me by the hand, and led
" me to a window where we both ſat.
" —Although I could not tell what
" ſhe ſaid, her eyes full of ſoftneſs and
" complacency, beſpoke pity, and con-
" veyed that language, univerſally
" known to humane, and munificent
" hearts.

" hearts. Her kind behaviour began
" to chear my drooping ſpirits, when
" her mother ſpoke to her in a loud
" and ſevere tone of voice, upon
" which, the young girl, (manifeſtly
" dejected) caſt down her eyes, and
" puſhed back my hand, which ſhe had
" held in hers, not daring to look upon
" me any more.

" In the different countries which I
" have paſſed through, I have not ſeen
" any ſavages, in which there has been
" ſuch a mixture of haughtineſs and
" familiarity, as I have met with here;
" particularly among the women, who
" appear to me to mingle a ſlight and
" diſdain, amidſt their profeſſions of
" kindneſs, which revolts againſt huma-
" nity, and which has inſpired me with
" as much contempt for them, as they
" ſeem to feel for others.—Yeſterday,
" I received an inſult from one of
" them,

" them, which ſo much chagrined me,
" that I have not yet recovered it.—
" When the room was full of compa-
" ny, a woman remarkably high dreſ-
" ſed, happened to caſt her eyes to-
" wards me, and after ſtaring at me for
" a conſiderable time, ſet up a loud
" laugh. Then, precipitately advanc-
" ing towards me, made me riſe off
" my ſeat, and after turning me about
" as often as her curioſity prompted
" her, and examining my dreſs with
" the utmoſt attention, beckoned to a
" young gentleman to come to her,
" and began with him to re-examine
" my perſon. Although I felt the ut-
" moſt repugnance at being treated
" with that indecent levity, I durſt not
" even venture to oppoſe their curioſi-
" ty, imagining they muſt be people of
" very high rank, particularly the wo-
" man, whom I took for ſome Princeſs
" by the magnificence of her dreſs, and

" by

" by the reſpect which was paid her by
" the company in general. The young
" man whoſe cloaths were almoſt co-
" vered with gold, I alſo concluded was
" a man of great rank, though a very
" inconſiderate ſavage; for embolden-
" ed by the familiarity of the lady, or
" perhaps by my paſſive ſubmiſſion, he
" had the aſſurance to put his hand up-
" on my neck, which I puſhed back
" with that ſurprize and indignation,
" which muſt plainly have convinced
" him, that I was much better inſtructed
" in all the laws of modeſty, and de-
" cency, than he was."

Deterville having procured maſters to inſtruct *Zilia*, in the language, laws, and religion of France, ſhe at length determined to ſhut herſelf up in a convent, but not ſo as to deprive herſelf of the correſpondence with *Aza*, a few extracts from which, will ſhew what remarks this Peruvian

Peruvian lady makes on the *accompliſhed* breeding and manners of France.

" VANITY, (ſays ſhe) and a deſire " of appearing opulent, is the predo- " minant paſſion of the French.—Ge- " nius, and even the arts and ſciences, " are the means by which they diſplay " their vain pageantry and oſtentation; " —all which, conſpire to ruin their " fortunes;* and as if the copiouſneſs " of their own genius, added to the a- " mazing produce of various kinds with " which their country abounds was not " ſufficient to ſatisfy their neceſſary " wants, as well as ſuperfluities, they " are at an incredible expence in pro- " curing from all parts of the world, " the moſt brittle, and inſignificant " pieces of furniture, of which they " make

* We know *another* nation, not totally exempt from this failing. And France abounds with thoſe who do not merit this ſevere odium.

" make no other uſe, but to ornament
" their houſes—even their tables are
" ſupplied with the productions of fo-
" reign climes. Their immoderate
" love of ſuperfluities, and trifles, cor-
" rupt both their reaſon and their
" hearts. I ſhould not perhaps ſo ſe-
" verely condemn their taſte for ſuper-
" fluities, if it was not for the ill con-
" ſequences which almoſt always ariſe
" from indulging it, (at leaſt to that
" exceſs) which is no leſs than the ſa-
" crifice of ſolid and real enjoyments.
" —*Our* wiſe laws it is true, permit-
" ted certain decorations which were
" thought neceſſary in each condition
" of life, to characteriſe birth and
" riches; but then it was not purchaſed
" at the price of inhumanity and in-
" juſtice: but the French are abſolute-
" ly idolatrous in reſpect to their ex-
" ceſſive fondneſs for magnificence,
" and ſhow, to which they make a ſacri-

" fice of both their repoſe and honor;
" for it is no uncommon thing, to ſee
" among theſe oſtentatious people, an
" appearance of opulence in one part
" of the houſe, while poverty and
" meanneſs occupies the other. Their
" diverſions conſiſt in a boiſterous kind
" of gaiety, expreſſed by loud peals of
" laughter, in which, the mind ſeems
" to bear but a ſmall part. A great
" deal of their time is ſpent in an in-
" ſipid amuſement, which they call
" cards, in which, the winning of each
" others gold conſtitutes all their plea-
" ſure; or elſe in frivolous and trifling
" converſation, *all* talking together
" reſembling rather the chattering of
" birds, than the diſcourſe of rational,
" and thinking beings.—Another part
" of their time is taken up in viſiting
" as many houſes as they poſſibly can
" in the day, not from any *real* regard
" towards thoſe whoſe ſociety they ſo

" aſſiduouſly

" aſſidiouſly ſeek, but from diſſipation,
" and to indulge an idle vanity, as they
" never fail commending each others
" beauty, figure, taſte, rich apparel, &c.
" —in which commercial flattery, nei-
" ther party ſpeak their real ſentiments.
" They have ſubſtituted a ſuperficial
" politeneſs conſiſting in words only,
" in the place of good manners;—and
" in lieu of reaſon and good ſenſe, a
" falſe, though brilliant wit.—In ſhort,
" they ſeem Beings who have eſcaped
" from the hands of their Creator, be-
" fore he had finiſhed their intellectual
" faculties, for they have ſuch an a-
" mazing vivacity in their compoſi-
" tions, that they ſcarce give themſeves
" time to find words to expreſs them-
" ſelves, conveying as much by the va-
" riety of their geſtures, and the actions
" of their bodies, as with their voice."

We cannot reſiſt reciting two other

remarks of *Zilia*'s, as there is ſomething novel in them.

SHE deſcribes a Phyſician as a man
" Whoſe goodneſs and even tender-
" neſs, is tinted with hard-heartedneſs;
" whoſe ſuccours are cruel; and whoſe
" familiarity is imperious."

" AN Author (ſays ſhe) is one who
" knows perfectly well how to define,
" and paint virtue in the moſt amiable
" light, but poſſeſſes it in *reality*, no
" more than the generality of men,
" and oftentimes leſs. And though his
" mind is far more enlightened, and
" ſuperior in underſtanding, yet he is
" reduced to the melancholy neceſſity
" of ſelling his thoughts* in the ſame
" manner

* *Zilia* might alſo have added, and even PROSTITUTE their pens, in ſupport of meaſures *contrary* to their own judgements, and *real* ſentiments, to ſerve the moſt *unjuſt* and *wicked* purpoſes.

" manner as the common people ſell
" the meaneſt productions of the earth."

MADAME LE MARCHAND.

THE only compoſition we are able to find of this lady's, is a tale intitled *Le Conte de Boca*, publiſhed in a miſcellaneous collection in 1735: but, as it deals only in the *marvellous*, we will not take up the readers time, in reciting, what neither poſſeſſes ingenuity, invention, ſentiment, or ſtyle.

NOR are the writings of the following ladies much more intereſting, we therefore only inſert their names in conformity to our plan.

Meſdames D'ENTRECAUSE BERAT, D'OUVRIER, and MAL-ENFANT, all compoſed ſome poems.

Mademoiſelle de MONTMORT wrote a comedy intitled *Héraclite & Démocrite*, likewiſe a romance intitled *Relation de L'Iſle de Borneo.* She wrote as fluently in the Italian language, as in her own.

Madame du PLESSIS-BELLIERE, compoſed a collection of ſonnets in *boutrimés*, upon the death of her parrot.

MADAME DE VILLENEUVE.

THE time of this lady's birth does not appear, but her death happened in 1755. Her maiden name was *Gabrielle Suzanne Barbot*, daughter to a gentleman of *Rochelle*, of good family, but ſmall fortune. After the death of her huſband *Monſieur de Gaallon, Seigneur de Villeneuve*, (Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry) ſhe was greatly embarraſſed in her circumſtances, and was obliged

liged to ſeek by her pen thoſe ſuccours that fortune had denied her. Fortunately, ſhe became acquainted, and was aſſiſted in her literary productions by that juſtly admired and celebrated tragic poet *Monſieur de Crébillon.* She was a romance writer, and the beſt of which is intitled *Memoires de Mademoiſelle de Marſange,* founded on a *fact,* therefore not unintereſting; of which we ſhall give a ſhort ſketch.

A violent quarrel having broke out between the Marquis *de Neuger,* and the Count *de Marſange,* it occaſioned a tedious law-ſuit, in which the Marquis ruined the Count. Yet ſuch was the implacable hatred of the Marquis to the Count, that on his death-bed, he enjoined his ſon to continne his perſecution to the unhappy people. However, the ſon impreſſed with the injuries his father had done to a virtuous family,

family, was diſpoſed not only to make reſtitution, but to form an alliance with them, and accordingly made propoſals to marry the eldeſt daughter, whoſe beauty had long before, made an impreſſion upon the young Marquis. His addreſſes therefore were not only well received by the family, but it appeared there was a mutual affection between the young people. All things therefore being prepared for the nuptials, *Mademoiſelle de Marſange* entreated her father to permit *Julia* to come home, who had been placed in a convent, and was juſt entering upon her year of probation to become a Nun, that ſhe might partake of the general happineſs of the family, and be an eye-witneſs in particular of her ſiſter's felicity. *Julia* arrived, and being exquiſitely beautiful, ſhe ſoon perceived that though the Marquis loved her ſiſter, he was not able to be totally inſenſible to her tranſcendent

dent beauty.—Diſcoveries of this kind is the fort even of weak women, but *Julia* had as much wit as wickedneſs in her heart, and therefore ſeriouſly employed all her talents to ſupplant her ſiſter, in which unfortunately ſhe ſucceeded, and ſo far loſt in this impure love, was the Marquis, that he now propoſed to the father marrying his youngeſt daughter. The good old man, thunderſtruck at the propoſition rejected it, nor could he have ever been prevailed upon to conſent, had not the amiable ſiſter became an advocate alſo, preferring the proſperity of the family in general, to her own perſonal repoſe; for ſhe ſtill paſſionately loved the Marquis. The marriage was accordingly ſolemnized, but never conſummated; *Mademoiſelle de Marſange* fell into a deep deſpair, threw herſelf out of a window in the ſight of her affectionate father, and in a very ſhort time, both the ſiſ-

ters,

ters, their father, and the Marquis all died prematurely.——Thus a virtuous family upon the very margin of being reſtored to a plentiful fortune, and peace of mind, were in a manner annihilated by the perfidy of a wicked artful girl.

We do not in general like to give extracts from novels, but the above which is founded on fact, carries with it ſubſtantial reaſons for being pointed out, as we fear many families are unfortunate enough to have a *Julia* in it.

Madame L'EVEQUE,

DAUGHTER to a procurer of parliament in Normandy, was born at *Rouen*, the twenty-third of November, 1703, and died the eighteenth of May, 1745. She was remarkable for the

the beauty, and gracefulneſs of her perſon, and wrote equally well in proſe and verſe.

MARCHIONESS DE COLOMBIERE.

THIS lady has employed her pen in a very different manner to moſt of her ſex, having treated on a ſubject which has engaged the thoughts of the greateſt naturaliſts. The title of this work is, *Réflexions ſur les tremblemens de terre.* The Marchioneſs has filled above fifty pages with her own opinion reſpecting the dangerous conſequences attending Electricity, to which, ſhe attributes the greateſt phyſical evils. The reaſons which Madam *Colombiere* aſſigns for the miſchievous conſequences attending electrical operations are as follows.

" The

" THE earth (ſays this lady) being
" full of ſulphurous matter, more or
" leſs active, from the effects produced
" by its central heat, as well as from
" the ſun's attraction, it becomes more
" inflamed, and produces in the air,
" fogs, clouds, and tempeſts, the greateſt
" part of which collecting itſelf within
" a limitted ſpace, becomes ſo inflamed,
" as to burſt forth, and cauſe thunder,
" &c.

" ELECTRICITY, is an operation
" which acts quite contrary to nature,
" and muſt therefore of courſe, pro-
" duce the moſt miſchievous effects;—
" for it attracts and draws the ſulphur-
" ous matter which is in the air, and
" forces it to re-enter into the interior
" parts of the earth, where collecting
" itſelf with other combuſtible matter,
" it in time, inflames the earth to ſuch
" a degree, as to break out and pro-
" duce

" duce the moſt ſhocking conſequences,
" by terminating in earthquakes. It
" is (ſays Madam *Colombiere)* like inno-
" culating a perſon with the ſmall-pox
" who is already attacked with that
" diſorder, which muſt certainly prove
" nothing leſs than inevitable death in-
" ſtead of aſſiſting and facilitating the
" Eruption.

" NATURE (continues this writer)
" takes pains to throw forth all noxious
" and ſulphurous matter from the inte-
" rior parts of the earth, to prevent
" the fatal diſorders which they would
" naturally produce, if they did not
" find vent; why then ſhould we take
" pains to attract it back again for
" its deſtruction?—Why is it, that the
" ſouthern parts of Europe has ſuffered
" more outrage, and greater ſhocks
" than any other part of the world?
" but becauſe Electricity has been

 " practiſed

" practiſed more in thoſe parts than
" any other: and it is there alſo, that
" the earth abounds more with inflam-
" able, and ſulphurous matter, owing
" to the exceſſive heat of the climate;
" for there is no doubt, but electrical
" operations *muſt* form volcanos."*

MADAME DE MONTEGUT,

WAS the daughter of a nobleman in *Languedoc;* ſhe married at the age of ſixteen to *Monſieur Montégut* Treaſurer of France. *M. Titon du Tillet,*

* We do not pretend to form any judgement of this lady's philoſophy, but we cannot help obſerving, that her obſervations relative to the ſouthern parts of Europe, would have been more aptly applied to the ſouthern parts of America, for there it is, where nature ſeems to meet with the moſt frequent ſhocks, and it may be worth obſerving, that that part of the Globe, is more ſplit and divided into iſlands, rocks, ſand banks, &c. than nearer the extremities.

Tillet, who was intimately acquainted with this lady, deſcribes her to be a woman who poſſeſſed uncommon merit; ſhe captivated all who ſaw her, (ſays that writer) by the ſoftneſs of her manners, her politeneſs and elegant deportment; added to which, ſhe excelled in all the fine accompliſhments of her ſex, and was perfect miſtreſs of the Latin, Engliſh, Italian, and Spaniſh languages. She compoſed a great number of pieces of poetry, which were crowned with ſucceſs at the Academy *des Jeux Floraux*. She tranſlated the Odes of HORACE, and POPE's Eclogues. Her other compoſitions are *Une Ode ſur le Printems, une Elégie ſur la Converſion de Sainte Magdeleine; une Idyle ſur la mort de Mademoiſelle de Catelan, & une Elégie ſur la Coupe d'un Bois.* There was alſo found after her death, ſome elegant pieces of poetry, among which, is an Epiſtle addreſſed to her friend Madam *de Charron*.

A few lines of which we will introduce as a ſpecimen of the truly elegant ſtyle of her verſification.

EPITRE.

Penſez-vous á moi, chere Iris,
Dans votre aimable ſolitude?
Avez-vous formé l'habitude
Du ſecret que je vous appris?
Je diſois: " La cruelle abſence
" Sur les eſprits n'a nul pouvoir;
" La fidele amitié qui penſe,
" Parle á ſes amis ſans les voir.
" Par de différentes contrées,
" En vain nous ſerons ſéparées;
" Rapprochons-nous par le deſir;
" Et dans des routes ignorées
" Cherchons un innocent plaiſir."
Ainſi ma tendreſſe facile
A concevoir de doux projets,
Lorſque j' abandonnai la ville,
Modéroit mes triſtes regrets;
Mais, Iris, ſon art inutile,
Après mille efforts imparfaits,
Ne vous rend point à mes ſouhaits.
Si je cherche dans ma mémoire,
J'y vois votre charmant portrait; &c.

MADAM

MADAM *de Montégut* was born at *Toulouſe*, October the twenty-fifth, 1709, and died 1752, in the forty-third year of her age.

Mademoiſelle MARIE POTAR DULU,

COMPOSED an ode intitled *le Songe*, at the age of ſeventeen, which has been much admired, and runs thus:

A l'ombre d'un myrthe aſſiſe,
Je mèndormis l'autre jour:
Quel ſommeil! quelle ſurpriſe!
Je vis en Songe l'Amour.

Qu'il me paroiſſoit aimable!
Mon cœur en fut enchanté;
Il n'avoit de redoutable,
Que ſon nom & ſa beauté.

Les zéphirs, de leurs haleines,
Agitoient ſes beaux cheveux;
Il me les offroit pour chaînes,
Si je brûlois de ſes feux.

Sa main droite étoit armée
D'une lyre and d'un carquois,
Vois, dit-il, ta deſtinée:
Choiſis; chante, ou ſuis mes loix.

Prends ma lyre; & dans les ames
Fais brûler mes feux vainqueurs;
Sauve toi par-là des flammes
Dont-je brûle tous les cœurs, &c.

MADAME DU TORT,

EXERCISED her literary talents alſo, in the poetical line; but her compoſitions were not eſteemed equal to the two laſt mentioned ladies. *Monſieur de Fontenelle* wrote ſome droll lines at the bottom of her picture, which is a pun upon her name.

C'eſt ici Madame du Tort,
Qui la voit ſans l'aimer, a tort:
Mais qui l'entend & ne l'adore,
A mille fois plus tort encore.
Pour celui, qui fit ces vers ci,
Il n'eut aucun tort, Dieu merci.

COUNTESS

COUNTESS D'AUTRAY,

MESDAMES

DE LA GARDE THOMASIN,

AND

DE LA BUSSIERE,

WERE not very much esteemed for their literary productions, by their own countrymen.

MADEMOISELLE DE LUBERT.

WE cannot possibly enter into the least detail of this lady's frivolous compositions, unless we accompany her among the Fairies, Demons, and Metamorphosis of various kinds.

WE think we never have met with more unnatural absurdities among all the

the extravagant romances together, than in one now before us; the title of which, is *la Princeſs ecoque-d'œuf, & du Prince Bonbon.* It is ſtrange to think, that any reaſonable Being can ſet down to write ſuch ſtuff, or what is full as ſurpriſing, find readers who can take pleaſure in reading of ſuch *impoſſibilities*, but ſo it is, theſe very ridiculous pieces of invention met with the approbation of many of the *novel* readers in France.

COUNTESS DE LA GORSE.

A Lady of great literary abilities, beauty, and accompliſhments, and who is, *ſtill* living at Toulouſe. Her poems are held in great eſtimation, which intitled her to be admitted in the Academy *des Jeux Floraux.* Her poem of *L'Amour et la Fortune*, is eſteemed to be excellent. It contains near

near an hundred and forty lines; and, to give only a ſmall ſpecimen, will not be doing it juſtice.

THE other compoſitions of Madam *de la Gorſe*, which have carried the prize, is, *Un Poëme ſur la Fondation d'Athèns, & une Ode ſur l'Imagination.* She is conſidered in the Academy of *des Jeux Floraux*, as one of their greateſt ornaments.*

THE

* We had the good fortune to meet with the Baron *de la Gorſe*, huſband to this celebrated lady, during ſome difficulties we were under on the road between *Niſmes* and *Arles*, and have ſome reaſon to believe, that this lady's domeſtic happineſs is as much to be envied, as her talents are to be admired. The Baron gave us ſome account of his ſtyle of life, and manner of living, and invited us to viſit his *Chateau*, in *Dauphine*; but he modeſtly declined mentioning that, which would have been the ſtrongeſt inducement to us to have accepted his invitation, of which we were at that time uninformed.

THE town of *Toulouſe* hath the honor of having produced ſome other very excellent female writers, as Meſdames CHALVET, CALAGE, and CATELAN. Alſo Madam BRUN, who compoſed, and publiſhed a French dictionary.

WE muſt not omit to place among thoſe juſtly admired writers, *Madame* HELENE BALETTI, although born in Italy, was naturalized in France, and has been highly reſpected and celebrated, under the name of FLAMINIA, on the Italian theatre.—Her literary compoſitions have met with great applauſe; the moſt admired of which, are two comedies intitled *Le Naufrage*, & *Abdilly, Roi de Grenade.*

MADAME

MADAME VILLERS DE BILLY.

AUTHOR of a book, intitled *Inſtructions Hiſtoriques en Faveur des Laboureurs.*

MADAME DE LINTOT.

FORMERLY known by the name of *Mademoiſelle Caillot,* (ſtill living we believe at Paris) compoſed a Romance, intitled *Une Hiſtoire de Mademoiſelle de Salens,* in two volumes; but it is not ſpoken of as a work of much merit.

Madame le PRINCE *de* BEAUMONT.

FEW women have acquired more fame from their literary talents, than this ingenious and learned lady, whoſe writings abound with ſterling ſenſe,

ſenſe, and ſolid reaſoning. Her ſentiments on Education, are worthy of the moſt ſerious attention, as the precepts laid down for the conduct of youth, (particularly young ladies) are in all reſpects, ſuch, as highly merit the conſideration of every parent who ſincerely wiſh to promote the *real* happineſs, and welfare of their daughters.

She was born at Paris about the year 1711: She lived many years in England, where ſhe chiefly employed her time in writing upon different ſubjects. Thoſe of her works which are held in the greateſt eſtimation, are intitled *Magazin des Enfans, Magazin des Adoleſcens, Magazin des Jeunes Dames, & Nouveau Magazin Anglois.*

" In educating of youth (ſays Ma-
" dam *de Beaumont)* it is abſolutely ne-
" ceſſary in forming their minds to vir-
" tue,

" tue, never to ſeparate RELIGION,
" and REASON, one muſt be depen-
" dent on the other; for the ſupport
" of which, it is of the higheſt impor-
" tance, to ſtudy the holy ſcriptures,
" which are alone capable of inſpiring
" us with a juſt idea of the ETERNAL
" BEING, the RECOMPENSER OF VIR-
" TUE, and THE AVENGER OF CRIMES.
" But independent of another life, or
" its rewards, and puniſhments, it is
" neceſſary for our happineſs and wel-
" fare here, to follow implicitly the
" maxims contained in that Divine
" Book."

THIS celebrated writer, has very judiciouſly blended entertainment with inſtruction, by putting it in the form of dialogues, between a Governeſs and her young Pupils, whoſe different characters, diſpoſitions, and tempers are well ſuſtained. There are many very

entertaining ſtories introduced in the courſe of their converſation, applicable to the ſubject they converſe upon, and a variety of authors are quoted, to give weight to their arguments. The beauty of every amiable virtue is pointed out, and ſet in the moſt advantageous light, in order to inſpire the young mind with true ſentiments of honor, humanity, and univerſal charity. By this univerſal charity, Madam *de Beaumont* does not mean in beſtowing alms only, to thoſe who implore our aſſiſtance; but that pity, ſo natural, to ſenſible, and benevolent minds, and (as *Rouſſeau* expreſſes it) "A compaſſionate intereſt "for the misfortunes of others."

SPEAKING of amuſements, *Mademoiſelle Bonne*, (the Governeſs) highly diſapproves of her pupils going to balls. "Tho' I diſapprove of your going to "balls, (ſays ſhe) or at leaſt but very "ſeldom;

" ſeldom; yet I will permit you to
" dance at home as often as you pleaſe,
" provided you do not permit any men
" to be of your party."

UPON this, Lady *Louiſe* replies, " Oh
" *Ma Bonne*, it is dull for ladies to
" dance without men."

" YOU forget, Lady *Louiſe*, that
" your firſt declaration was, that you
" looked upon dancing as neceſſary for
" your health; you then, made *health*
" the pretence, but you plainly diſ-
" cover, that *this* was not your *ſole* mo-
" tive for going to a ball. I do not, I
" confeſs, think it by any means pro-
" per for young women to appear of-
" ten at any public place of diverſion;
" yet I prefer your going to four plays,
" rather than one ball. At a ball, a
" man entertains a woman with that le-
" vity of converſation, and with that

" freedom of manners, which he durſt
" not any where elſe. It is a place of
" pleaſure and of liberty. Your part-
" ner with whom you dance, looks on
" you as an intimate acquaintance, and
" treats you with the utmoſt familiarity,
" although perhaps he never had ſeen
" you before. After the fatigue of
" dancing, you ſet down to repoſe
" yourſelf, and are obliged to liſten to
" his converſation, which moſt proba-
" bly turns upon his good fortune, in
" having had the happineſs of dancing
" with a lady of your ſuperior beauty
" and accompliſhments;—this, leads
" him on, to try, what impreſſion he
" can make on your heart, in doing
" which, he has no other view perhaps,
" but the flattering of his own vanity.
" Your imagination being heated by
" dancing, will moſt likely put you too
" much off your guard to perceive ea-
" ſily all the indelicacy, and danger-

" ous

" ous tendency of his diſcourſe. In
" ſhort, a young lady in my opinion,
" loſes part of her modeſt reſerve, and
" baſhful timidity at a ball; where ſhe
" gives her hand without ſcruple often-
" times to an utter ſtranger. But this
" is not all the miſchievous conſe-
" quences which attend that ſort of en-
" tertainment. Vanity, the predomi-
" nant paſſion in the boſom of a young
" girl, is by this means, highly fed, not
" only by the flattery of others, but
" from the opinion ſhe forms of her
" own figure and appearance; and the
" deſire of pleaſing and of attracting
" admiration will of courſe follow.
" An immoderate deſire of finery, and
" rich apparel, is the cauſe of jealou-
" ſies, detraction, and envy. All theſe
" paſſions muſt conſequently tend to
" corrupt the heart, and lead the mind
" into a diſſipation, not eaſily again

 " compoſed,

" compoſed, and yet theſe are not all
" the ill conſequences which attend
" thoſe who indulge themſelves with to
" great a fondneſs for that ſpecies of
" amuſement."

SPEAKING of PRIDE, Madam *de Beaumont*, makes an excellent diſtinction between wrong placed pride, and a virtuous pride.——" The wrong placed
" pride, (ſhe obſerves) is, when people
" who from rank or fortune, think they
" have a right to treat what they call
" little people with contempt, though
" perhaps in every reſpect their ſupe-
" riors, fortune excepted. This ſort of
" pride, (ſays Madam *de Beaumont)* is
" an arrogant, inſolent pride, which all
" men of ſenſe and ſentiment are plea-
" ſed to ſee corrected; for in that
" place, the corrector, ſhews a virtuous
" pride. I am all humility (ſays this
" lady)

" lady) to the virtuous poor, but all
" *hauteur* to the arrogant Rich.*

" If a man (continues this writer)
" cannot ſhew his *ſuperiority* better than
" by an *imperious* carriage, and by in-
" ſulting thoſe who are his inferiors or
" dependants, he poſſeſſes but little for
" a wiſe man to eſteem, and is too *in-*
" *ſignificant*, for even little ones to
" dread. Thoſe who have been eſ-
" teemed

* This reminds us of a little anecdote of an Engliſh country Eſquire, which is applicable to this ſenſible writer's remarks. The Eſquire having ſome London friends upon a viſit, and walking out to ſee his *grounds*, &c. they met one of the poor boys of the village, who had a calf by the tail, which he was endeavoring to drive home.——" Mind the boy," ſaid the Eſquire to his friends, " I will make him let go his calf." Then calling to the boy, " Sirrah," ſaid the Eſquire, " Where are you going with *that there* calf?—" *Whome*," replied the boy.—" Why Sirrah," ſaid he, " don't yon know me?"—" Yes:"—" Why then Sirrah, why don't you pull off your hat?"—" So I *wool*," ſaid the boy, " if you will hold my calf."

" teemed by the world to be truly " GREAT men, have always been re- " markable for their BENEVOLENCE, " HUMANITY, CLEMENCY, and BRA- " VERY. Such men, have ever avoid- " ed giving pain to others, by aſſuming " a pre-eminence;—and indeed it is " to be obſerved, that the only men " who have a *right* to aſſume pre-emi- " nence, are the laſt who ever pretend " to it. Men who poſſeſs *weak* minds, " act diametrically oppoſite; they are " always reminding thoſe about them " of their PRE-EMINENCE, by *domineer-* " *ing* over thoſe, whoſe unfortunate " deſtiny it is to be ſubject to their " caprice and tyranny."*

THE

* As it has been remarked, that thoſe princes who have been acquainted with private life, have generally made better kings, and have poſſeſſed a greater feeling for their fellow-creatures, than any other; ſo it may be obſerved alſo, that in general the moſt virtuous men, are thoſe, who have experienced ADVERSITY. A man

THE author with great addreſs, introduces a private converſation between the Governeſs and one of her Pupils, whoſe heart is tormented with a paſſion which her reaſon condemns. She entruſts her Governeſs with the weighty ſecret,

man then, is not only taught to *know himſelf* thoroughly, but to form a *true* eſtimate of all things around him. Many a man is ſpoilt, and becomes deſpicable for being poſſeſſed of riches, particularly *weak* men, who are always ſure to ſtamp on themſelves, an importance, which nothing but their *fortune* could have intitled them to. We know many young men, whoſe heads have been ſo addled, on the attaining of riches, and have become ſo intoxicated with their good fortune, as to have loſt every amiable and ſocial virtue, which they had poſſeſſed in days of leſs affluence; and even their generoſity has been ſo tainted with arrogance, as to offend the delicacy of thoſe whom they were pleaſed to honor with their munificence.—Nothing takes off ſo much from the merit of a good action, as a man's laying too great a ſtreſs on his having performed it;—and to treat thoſe with contempt on whom we have conferred favors, cancels all obligation.—It is not difficult to gueſs whether munificence proceeds from *generoſity*, or *oſtentation*, by the manner thoſe are treated, on whom liberality has been conferred.

ſecret, and paints her weakneſs, and diſtreſſed ſituation, in terms no leſs inſtructive, than pathetic.

" You inſiſt upon it (ſays ſhe) that I " ſhould ſatisfy you with the cauſe of " my melancholy. The intereſt you " ſo kindly take in my happineſs, and " welfare, leaves me no room to doubt " the ſincerity of your friendſhip. In " return, I will convince you of the " confidence I repoſe in you by depo- " ſiting in your breaſt, the fatal ſecret " which cauſes all the miſery, and anx- " iety of my own. Prepare then, my " dear Madam, to hear that, which will " make you tremble for my fate.—— " Know then, that I love, or rather " adore a young man, for whom I at " the ſame time feel the utmoſt con- " tempt, as I know him to be deſtitute " of every principle of honor, and " virtue; and, although my reaſon

" convinces

" convinces me, that it would be im-
" poſſible for me ever to be happy with
" one of his libertine character, yet
" my heart informs me, that I ſhall be
" ever wretched without him. I bluſh
" to tell you, that my unhappy attach-
" ment to him is ſuch, that if I was aſ-
" ſured after I had married him, that
" he would neglect me, and treat me
" ever ſo ſeverely, that I could ſubmit
" to it all, without repining, ſo I had
" the happineſs of ſeeing him every
" day. In ſhort, my ſoul is ſo abſorbed
" by my unfortunate paſſion, that yeſ-
" terday I had formed the mad reſolu-
" tion of uniting myſelf to him for
" ever! My unworthy lover has made
" me promiſe to meet him at a friend's
" houſe to-morrow, from whence we
" had propoſed to ſet out for Ireland.
" This ſtep, I will add, this ſhameful
" ſtep, which I had formed the reſolu-
" tion of taking, fills my mind with

" horror,

ſecret, and paints her weakneſs, and diſtreſſed ſituation, in terms no leſs inſtructive, than pathetic.

" You inſiſt upon it (ſays ſhe) that I " ſhould ſatisfy you with the cauſe of " my melancholy. The intereſt you " ſo kindly take in my happineſs, and " welfare, leaves me no room to doubt " the ſincerity of your friendſhip. In " return, I will convince you of the " confidence I repoſe in you by depo- " ſiting in your breaſt, the fatal ſecret " which cauſes all the miſery, and anx- " iety of my own. Prepare then, my " dear Madam, to hear that, which will " make you tremble for my fate.—— " Know then, that I love, or rather " adore a young man, for whom I at " the ſame time feel the utmoſt con- " tempt, as I know him to be deſtitute " of every principle of honor, and " virtue; and, although my reaſon

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" ever ſo ſeverely, that I could ſubmit
" to it all, without repining, ſo I had
" the happineſs of ſeeing him every
" day. In ſhort, my ſoul is ſo abſorbed
" by my unfortunate paſſion, that yeſ-
" terday I had formed the mad reſolu-
" tion of uniting myſelf to him for
" ever! My unworthy lover has made
" me promiſe to meet him at a friend's
" houſe to-morrow, from whence we
" had propoſed to ſet out for Ireland.
" This ſtep, I will add, this ſhameful
" ſtep, which I had formed the reſolu-
" tion of taking, fills my mind with

" horror,

" horror, and I now think that I would
" rather die than conſent to what muſt
" inevitably end in my ruin and total
" diſgrace. If I was leſs perſuaded
" than I am of the immortality of the
" ſoul, I believe I ſhould be tempted
" to put a final end to a life, which is
" now become a ſtate of miſery to me:
" But, every time that raſh thought in-
" trudes itſelf on my mind, it is always
" accompanied with the terrible idea
" of ETERNITY, and the wrath of an
" OFFENDED DEITY! In this cruel
" dilemma, and oppreſſed with grief, I
" was laſt night involuntarily led to
" write you that letter, wherein I pro-
" miſed to conceal nothing from you, a
" promiſe, I immediately after repent-
" ed of, well knowing, you will uſe
" every effort in your power to ſnatch
" me from this apparent deſtruction,
" and to wean me from my unhappy
" paſſion; but that will be impoſſible,

" my

" my heart will break, before I ſhall
" ceaſe to love."

AFTER much anxiety of mind, and a long ſtruggle between love and reaſon, the young lady at laſt got the better of her unfortunate paſſion, which ſo highly diſhonored her, and which muſt inevitably have terminated in extreme miſery and wretchedneſs.

THOUGH we cannot help thinking there is ſomething unnatural in the above ſtory, yet, Madam *de Beaumont*'s intention of introducing it, was apparently meant, to warn her young female readers, from the danger of being ſeduced by deceitful and inſinuating addreſs, or ſuffer themſelves to be wrought upon by *external* appearances; —for *that* love which is not founded upon VIRTUE and REASON, muſt

ſpeedily end in diſguſt, ſorrow, and repentance.

In another dialogue, Madam *de Beaumont* introduces the ſacred inſtitution of marriage.——" The Prieſt " unites you both (ſays ſhe) in the " NAME, and by the order of GOD. " He impoſes on you ſuch laws as you " cannot poſſibly break through, without being guilty of perjury; as you " both ſwear to obſerve at the foot of " the altar, and moſt ſolemnly promiſe never to violate. He lays the " ſtricteſt injunction on your huſband, " to cheriſh, love, protect, and ſupport " you; but to you, he enjoins one " law in particular, that of *obeying* implicitly the WILL of your huſband; " for when you are married, you have " given your conſent in the moſt ſolemn manner to ſubmit to a maſter; " —you have promiſed it at the Altar

" of

" of GOD, the Avenger of perjury.—
" What deſtruction would there be to
" all order, if laws (particularly thoſe,
" which are of a ſacred inſtitution, and
" of ſuch importance to ſociety,) were
" trampled upon, and thoſe, whoſe du-
" ty it is to *obey*, take upon themſelves,
" the authority to *command?* The con-
" ſequences ariſing from it, muſt be
" eternal Diſcord!

" A great author has ſaid, when a
" woman deſpiſes the voice of her huſ-
" band, or when ſhe would uſurp his
" right, there ever reſults from it,
" diſorder, miſery, ſcandal, and diſ-
" honor. Perhaps you will ſay, ſup-
" poſe my huſband is of an odd capri-
" cious temper, unreaſonably jealous,
" moroſe, &c. ought I to become the
" victim of his inſupportable humour,
" and chimerical temper?—Yes, if you
" cannot ſucceed in correcting his faults

" by your ſoftneſs, and complacency,
" you muſt ſubmit. Your care ought
" to be to ſtudy *his* taſte and humour,
" that you may conform *your own* to his.
" This is the only *ſure* method of at-
" taining perfect felicity in the married
" ſtate, and ſeldom fails of ſucceſs, un-
" leſs a man is a very brute. If you
" find in him any capital defects, you
" muſt call to your aid, virtue, and
" fortitude, to ſupport it—and bear
" your misfortune with meekneſs, pati-
" ence, and reſignation;—but what-
" ever cauſe you have for diſguſt, it is
" of importance to keep it a profound
" ſecret. Never let any thing eſcape
" you, that can inform the public.
" Truſt none but a ſtedfaſt friend, one,
" whoſe fidelity and diſcretion you can
" rely on. If it is made public, there,
" will be men of deſpicable characters,
" ever upon the watch waiting for the
" firſt moments of diſguſt, and diſcon-
" tent,

" tent, of a newly-married woman, to
" whom they are ever ready to offer
" the moſt dangerous conſolations."

RELIGION, Morality, Hiſtory, the Arts, Fiction, and in ſhort, every ſubject ſeems familiar to the pen of Madam *de Beaumont*. In her remarks on the life of SOCRATES, ſhe obſerves, juſtly we think, that where a man is poſſeſſed of genuine good-ſenſe, that ſenſe which is called mother's wit, (for ſparkling wit ſcarce ever accompanies ſolid ſenſe) it always in the end corrects and amends the vices, and errors of youth. SOCRATES, ſhe obſerves, was a ſingular inſtance, of a man viciouſly diſpoſed; but he overcame the propenſity to commit crimes, by a ſuperior underſtanding. Having perceived that he was ſhunned by ſome of his cotemporaries, in conſequence of his irregular way of life, he determined inſtantly

to reform it. His father, who was a ſtatuary, obſerved to young SOCRATES, that the block of marble before him, had the figure of a man concealed in it, which he would make appear as ſoon as the refuſe pieces were chipped off, by the help of the mallet and chiſel.

" I too, (replied young SOCRATES) " am juſt like that block of marble, " for there is a man too, ſhut up in me, " which is neceſſary to be brought " forth." And as his father proceeded to work at the marble, the ſon repeated the ſame number of blows on his boſom, obſerving, that the blows were as neceſſary to produce *his* man, as *that*, which his father was about: and from that inſtant, determined to work out his own amendment, and perfect *his man*, in as ſhort a time as his father could work one in marble.

" LET

" LET us therefore (continues Ma-
" dam *de Beaumont)* judge not too pre-
" cipitately of the diſpoſition, or tem-
" per of very young people; but re-
" member, that we have ſeen tempers
" of a very untoward turn in youth,
" ſo alter, as to become worthy, and
" valuable men; while on the contrary,
" thoſe whoſe firſt appearance ſtampt
" the moſt favorable impreſſions, have
" become profligate in the higheſt de-
" gree: for SOCRATES, who was one of
" the wiſeſt, and beſt of the ancient
" philoſophers, being accuſed by a ce-
" lebrated phyſiognomiſt, with poſſeſ-
" ſing a brutiſh, and vicious diſpoſition,
" ſtopped the hands of his pupils, who
" were about chaſtiſing the wicked ca-
" lumniator, aſſuring them, that the
" phyſiognomiſt's remarks were juſtly
" founded; adding, that his natural
" diſpoſition was truly delineated, but,
" that he had conquered thoſe irregu-

" lar

" lar appetites, by reaſon, religion,
" and philoſophy."

We cannot help obſerving by way of confirming the truth of Madam *de Beaumont*'s obſervation, Lord Bacon's diſtinction between a little, and a great philoſopher; who obſerves, that the little one often becomes atheiſtical; while the great philoſopher, ſees God in every thing.

Madame du BOCAGE.

THIS lady, no leſs diſtinguiſhed for her amiable character, than for her literary talents, we are informed is ſtill living. Her firſt poetical compoſitions, which met with the higheſt applauſe have been crowned at *Rouen*, her native country. This lady's maiden name was *Le Page*. She married when very

very young: *Monſieur Joſeph du Bocage*, a native of Normandy, who held a place of conſiderable profit under Government. This gentleman (who has been dead ſome years) alſo made himſelf known, by ſome very elegant tranſlations, from the beſt Engliſh authors.

MADAM *du Bocage* has travelled a great deal, and ſeems to have made many curious and entertaining obſervations in her extenſive tour through England, Holland, Italy, &c. She mentions her having been to viſit Lord Temple's ſeat at Stow; and after paſſing very high encomiums on that delightful ſpot, ſhe ſays:

" AMONG the many curious and
" ſtriking beauties that are to be ſeen
" there, the Temple of Love, is not
" the leaſt deſerving of attention, upon
" which is this inſcription."

" Nunc

" Nunc amet, qui nondum amavit,
" Quique amavit nunc amet."

THESE two verſes, (ſhe obſerves) have ſome affinity to thoſe which VOLTAIRE compoſed, to be put at the bottom of a love portrait.

" Qui que tu ſois, voici ton maître,
" Il l'eſt, le fût, ou le doit être."

WE muſt not omit one very trite remark of her's, in which, every one who has been in France, will, we believe, readily ſubſcribe to.—Speaking of her having viſited the Pantheon, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and other places of public amuſement, ſhe ſays:

" THAT which muſt appear as a phe-
" nomenon to the French, is the order
" with which every thing is conducted,
" and the ſilence which is obſerved in
" the midſt of a prodigious multitude;

" whereas,

" whereas, it is quite the reverſe with
" us; for even our ſmalleſt aſſemblies,
" abound with confuſion, and noiſe."

By this remark, Madam *du Bocage* confirms the truth of an obſervation made by one of our nation, viz. that every thing in France ſeems in a flutter; a remark, which always ſtruck us, not only in their churches, but theatres, aſſemblies, &c. even their beſt paintings are all in a flutter.

The account that Madam *du Bocage* gives of the exceeding cleanlineſs of the inhabitants of Holland, Rotterdam, and Amſterdam, is inconceivable.

" The ſtreets (ſays this writer) are
" paved with brick, which are waſhed,
" and kept in as neat order as the
" cleanlieſt veſſels in their houſes. It
" is no uncommon thing, to ſee a wo-
" man

" man carrying her huſband on her " ſhoulders, (when he has no ſlippers) " to prevent his dirtying the floor. " They even ſcour the cow-houſe, and " always tuck up the tails of thoſe ani- " mals, for fear of the dirt, which " otherwiſe, muſt unavoidably fall up- " on them. They are even at the " pains of carrying up all their furni- " ture into the garret, every Saturday, " on purpoſe to clean the houſe from " top to bottom."

We can eaſily imagine how aſtoniſh- ing this muſt appear to a native of France in particular, who are in thoſe reſpects, the moſt negligent people on earth.

" Their taſte for gardening (conti- " nues Madam *du Bocage*) is as extraor- " dinary. They are ſo amazingly fond " of fruit and flowers, in which article,

" Nature

" Nature has been to them rather ſpar-
" ing; and it is recorded, that in the
" year 1737, there was ſold one hun-
" dred and twenty roots of Tulips at a
" public ſale, for the exorbitant ſum
" of two thouſand livres."

THIS writer then proceeds to give an account of the manners and cuſtoms of the ladies in Italy, whoſe liberty, ſhe thinks, even ſurpaſſes thoſe in France.

" THE Italian ladies (ſays ſhe) are
" in general very beautiful, and have
" much finer complexions than the la-
" dies in France, which I attribute, to
" the ſtreets being too narrow to be
" the leaſt incommoded with the ſun,
" nor can any duſt enter, as all kind
" of carriages, horſes, and mules, are
" entirely baniſhed;—but the women
" of faſhion ſeldom go out till late in
" the evening, either to meet at their

" card aſſemblies, or to walk in the " public gardens."

MADAM *du Bocage* alſo gives a very entertaining account of the Carnival at Rome, which draws together an infinite number of ſtrangers from all parts of the world. The ſtreets are at this time, filled with a multitude of comic maſks, punchinellos, harlequins, and quack doctors, who harangue the people. The women who are afraid to mix in the crowd appear at the balconies, very richly dreſſed and maſked.—She then ſpeaks of the great magnificence of their churches, and gives an account of their manner of preaching, one in particular we will give in Madam *du Bocage's* own words.

" LA maniere de prêcher d'un de " ces meſſieurs, me paroît aſſez plai- " ſante à raconter. Dans un ſermon

" ſur

" ſur l'Enfer, j'en entendis un ſ'écrier:
" *Feu en avant, Feu en arriere, Feu á*
" *droite, Feu à gauche, Feu haut & bas,*
" *Feu par-tout,*—pour en faire peur à
" ſon auditoire: mais il ne nous dit
" point les moyens d'éviter d'y tomber."
i. e. " The manner of thoſe gentle-
" men's preaching, appears to me plea-
" ſant enough to relate. In a ſermon
" upon Hell, he exclaimed: *Fire be-*
" *fore, Fire behind, Fire on the right, Fire*
" *on the left, Fire above, Fire below, Fire*
" *every where,*—by way (ſays Madam
" *du Bocage*) of ſtriking terror to his
" auditors: but he did not tell us by
" what means we might eſcape theſe
" ſurrounding flames."

THIS puts us in mind of one of our famous methodiſt preachers in England; who exclaiming with great wrath againſt the vices of ſome of the firſt people, ſaid: " That they were all hur-

 " rying

" rying to Hell as fast as they could " drive, in their coaches and six."— And then lowering his voice, and calling up the eyes of his low and ignorant followers, dropt a deep sigh, and added: " *I wish they would not take their poor ser-* " *vants along with them!*" This brought forth a general, and deep groan from the whole audience, except the gentleman from whom we had the account; and who heard it from the pulpit of St. Dunstan's.

But to return to Madam *du Bocage*, the following verses will shew the high estimation which this lady was held in, by Voltaire, which she enclosed to a friend, in a letter from Turin.

J'avois fait un vœu téméraire,
De chanter un jour à la fois,
Les graces, l'esprit, l'art de plaire,
Le talent d'unir sous ses loix,

Les

Les Dieux du pinde & de cythere,
Sur cet objet fixant mon choix.
Je cherchois ce rare aſſemblage
Nul autre, n'eut pu m' arrêter ;
Mais je vis hier DU BOCAGE,
Et je n'eus plus rien à chanter.

THIS is not the only compliment that VOLTAIRE has paid Madam *du Bocage*, which may be ſeen by the following very elegant lines.

Nouvelle Muſe, aimable Grace,
Allez au capitole, allez, rapportez nous
Les myrtes de Pétrarque & les lauriers du Taſſe :
Si tous deux revivoient, ils chanteroient pour vous ;
Et voyant vos beaux yeux, and votre poeſie,
Tous deux mourroient á vos genoux,
Ou d'amour, ou de jalouſie.

WE muſt not omit to mention the pretty and ingenious compliment which the Ducheſs *D'Arce*, who was but ſixteen, paid to Madam *du Bocage*, when ſhe was received in the Academy *des*

Arcades. Madam *du Bocage* ſaid to the Cardinal *des Urſins*, (the Ducheſs's father) that his daughter was the Goddeſs of Rome. " *Non Madame*, (replied the " Princeſs) *les Romains prenoient leurs* " *Dieux chez les etrangers.*" i. e. " No " Madam, (replied the Princeſs) the " Romans always chuſe their Gods " among ſtrangers."

As a proof of this ingenious lady's uncommon merit, ſhe has not only been received with every mark of diſtinction and reſpect, by many of the very firſt perſonages in Europe, namely, the Pope, Cardinals, the King of of England, &c. but admitted a member in moſt of the Academies. In ſhort, her poetical talents are looked upon to be equal to the moſt celebrated poets. Her *Paradis Terreſtre*, is eſteemed an incomparable imitation of

MILTON.

MILTON.—We will recite what Madam *du Bocage* herſelf ſays upon that ſubject.

" LED by the deſire I have (ſays " ſhe) of gaining the approbation, and " at the ſame time conforming to the " taſte of my own nation, I flatter my- " ſelf I ſhall not incur the reproaches " of the Engliſh, for having ventured " to make ſome alterations in a poem, " which is held by them, in ſo much " veneration. I have even preſumed " to retrench many parts of it, which " ſeem too highly coloured for my fee- " ble pen to attempt copying."

THE modeſty and diffidence of this declaration, ought not to paſs unnoticed;—and though it muſt be confeſſed, that Madam *du Bocage* has done as much juſtice to her ſubject, as the *French* lan-

guage

guage would permit of, yet it certainly falls ſhort of that ſublimity of ſtyle, and expreſſion, ſo inimitably great in the Original: for inſtance, that part where EVE ſays to ADAM: "My au- "thor and diſpoſer, &c." the French runs thus:

La mere des humains dit d'une voix touchante,
A tes vœux, cher èpoux, mon ame complaiſante,
Ne ſçait que t'obèïr: de Dieu telle eſt la loi:
Tu tiens de lui ta règle: Eve la prend de toi.
Avec toi tout me charme; heureuſe en ces demeures,
J'oublie, en te parlant, les ſaiſons & les heures:
Mais le frais du matin, le lever du ſoleil,
Les concerts des oiſeaux annoncant leur rèveil;
Ces fruits encore brillans des larmes de l'aurore,
Le doux parfum des fleurs que nous voyons èclore,
L'air pur de ce beau ſoir, le ſilence, la nuit,
La lune dont l'clat m'enchant & nous conduit,
Les yeux du Firmament & leur cèleſte flamme,
Sans toi n'ont rien de doux, rien qui plaiſe à mon ame
Et ta préſence unie à ces tréſors divers,
Me rend le jour plus pur, les arbriſſeaux plus verts;
Tout flatte ici le goût, l'odorat & la vue,
La douceur de ces biens à notre ame eſt connue, &c.

THE

THE Latin, Engliſh, and Italian languages, Madam *du Bocage* is as well ſkilled in, as ſhe is in her own. MILTON, and TASSO, her two favorite poets, ſhe has imitated with equal ſucceſs, and ſhews, ſhe perfectly well underſtood the beauties of each author. Her turn for humour is eaſily diſcovered, by many little anecdotes, which ſhe relates of herſelf and others. The converſation which paſſed between her, and the *Abbé Franquini*, (who had been abſent ſome time from Paris, and whom Madam *du Bocage* had not ſeen for a long time) is pleaſantly related by that lady in the following manner.

" UPON our firſt interview, (ſays ſhe) " after a long abſence, the *Abbé* eager- " ly demanded of me to give him an " account of thoſe perſons whom we " had both been formerly intimate " with,

" with ſome of whom had conſpicu-
" ouſly figured in the polite world.—
" Truth obliged me to give him the
" following melancholy report.

" THAT agreeable, and gay perſon,
" whom you uſed to ſee in every po-
" lite circle, is now alas, laid up in her
" chamber, tormented with the gout.—
" The other, whom you enquire after,
" and who poſſeſſed ſo many graces is
" quite deaf.—*Monſieur* —— is grown
" childiſh.—*Monſieur* ——— was car-
" ried off a ſhort time ſince in an apo-
" plexy.—The amiable *Monſieur* ——
" died of the ſmall-pox.—And poor
" *Mademoiſelle* —— from being one of
" the moſt elegant and genteel woman
" in the world, is grown to an enor-
" mous bulk, and exceedingly plain.—
" This, (ſays Madam *du Bocage*,) is the
" comfortable converſation which ge-
" nerally

" nerally paſſes between perſons who " have been abſent for a number of " years."*

MADAME DUMONT.

THIS lady was born at Paris, but the date of her birth does not appear, nor indeed, of any of the female writers now living.† She was the daughter of Mr. *Lutel*, Comptroler General to the Duke of ORLEANS; and married veay early in life to *Monſieur Dumont*, a gentleman eminent in the law, who is ſince dead. Madam *Dumont* is very

* The above little anecdote, is we think, no bad leſſon for the young and beautiful, who are too apt to forget the rapid progreſs of TIME. And even old people too, ſeem to want ſometimes, to be reminded of this truth.

† It muſt be obſerved, that in France, every body is very tenacious in reſpect to concealing their age; and it is even looked upon as an affront to aſk the queſtion.

very highly ſpoken of by a French writer, who ſays, ſhe is one of the moſt accompliſhed women of the age.

" HER taſte for letters, the arts, her " engaging manner, and her muſical " talents, made her houſe the receptacle of all perſons of genius and learning. Beſide theſe rare accompliſhments, ſhe poſſeſſes uncommon goodneſs of heart, a captivating figure, " and a ſolid underſtanding. With " all theſe perfections, (ſays he) no " wonder her ſociety ſhould be eagerly ſought after.—She tranſlated the " Odes of HORACE; and compoſed a " a collection, under the title of *Fugitive Pieces*, which were well received."

MADAME

MADAME DE BEAUMER.

DEPRIVED of fortune, and perſonal advantages, Madam *de Beaumer* took infinite pains to ſupply that loſs, by cultivating her underſtanding. She was nearly related to Marſhal *Belle-Iſle*, but we do not find ſhe received any ſuccours from that gentleman—for after ſpending many years in Holland, in extreme poverty, this poor lady ended a miſerable life there, in 1766.

AMONG many other compoſitions of her's, there is a romance intitled *Les Caprices de la Fortune*, which ſhe calls an hiſtorical novel, being founded on a fact. It is written with great feeling, and in an eaſy, and unaffected ſtyle. There are alſo two allegorical pieces, equally well written; one entitled *Le Temple de la Fortune;* and the other, *Le Triomphe de la fauſe Gloire.* In

the latter, ſhe has introduced a panegyric on CHRISTINA Queen of Sweden, on her abdicating the throne in favor of GUSTAVUS.*

THERE is likewiſe another piece of her's, which has great merit; wherein Madam *de Beaumer* introduces DISCORD, as an enemy to peace and pleaſure, and who ſees nothing, but with eyes of indignation. In the train of DISCORD, appears FACTION, TREASON, SUSPICION, SLANDER, and CALUMNY, to whom, (perſonified) DISCORD, gives a charge to exert their ſeveral talents, in creating as much trouble, and confuſion in the world as poſſible. Her commands being faithfully obeyed, the ſcene opens with the moſt dreadful preparations for WAR. Nothing now fills the minds of men, but vengeance, cruelty, carnage, and death.

—The

* See an account of that Queen in our firſt volume.

—The air reſounding with the dreadful cries of the ſlaughtered, and the plains overflowing with human blood.*—Huſbands torn from the arms of wives whom they adore; lovers quitting their miſtreſſes to whom they were juſt on the point of being united, by the moſt

* Madam *de Beaumer* reminds us of the preſent bloody times, for Diſcord ſeems to have infected all the nations of the earth; and thouſands of wretched people of all nations are ſuffering for the caprice and whim of half a ſcore wrong-headed men; we therefore, cannot help wiſhing, that thoſe, who thus ſport with the blood of the human race, would read, and well conſider, an admirable remark, of that elegant, ſentimental, and learned writer, Mr. GIBBON; who in page 438, of the ſecond volume of his Roman Hiſtory, ſays: "If we are more deeply affected by the ruin of "a palace, than by the conflagration of a cottage, our "humanity muſt have formed a very erroneous eſtimate "of the miſeries of human life." If men in high ſtations, would attend to the ſentiments of this benevolent and manly writer, they would be apt to recollect how near the day is, that the inhabitants of palaces, and of cottages, will be laid upon the lap of the ſame earth, they are now deſolating, and ſtaining with the blood of their fellow-creatures:—for what!

ſolemn and tender ties;—widows lamenting the loſs of their huſbands and children;—and miſtreſſes in deſpair on hearing of the loſs of their lovers.—Theſe, with all the horrid train of evils, which are the fatal conſequences of war, occaſions LOVE, the child of REASON, to implore JUPITER, the father of the Gods, to re-inſtate peace and tranquility, and to put a ſtop to the horrors of war, and the ravages cauſed by DISCORD; and further implores Jupiter, to order her to be bound in chains. JUPITER, moved more by the virtue which he finds among mankind, than by the prayers of LOVE; thus addreſſes himſelf to the reſt of the Gods, ſome of whom were for deſtroying the human ſpecies.

" I do not find (ſays HE) among
" mankind in general, ſo much propen-
" ſity to malice and wickedneſs, as er-
" ror

" ror in judgement: and though there
" are many among them, who merit
" my juſt wrath, and deſerve that I
" ſhould put an end to their exiſtence;
" yet there are ſome, who claim my
" protection, whoſe hearts are uncor-
" rupt; and whoſe virtues, and piety
" diſarm all my reſentment.—I there-
" fore, will ſhew mercy and grace to
" all, in conſideration of theſe few."

HERE Madam *de Beaumer* found a fair opportunity, of making JUPITER beſtow a thouſand fine encomiums on the French Monarch; whoſe virtues is the ſubject of the greater part of this allegory.

MADEMOISELLE BONMERE.

THIS lady's father and mother having been guilty of ſome ſtate

 crime,

crime, were impriſoned for life; but indulged with poſſeſſing each other's company. *Mademoiſelle Bonmere*, born under this durance, lived till the thirty-fifth year of her age, and could ſcarce have been ſaid to have ſeen fair day-light. The death of her very learned, and ingenious parents, which happened within a few days of each other, gave her liberty, but deprived her of the only two friends, or even acquaintance ſhe had in the world; except thoſe hard beings, who are entruſted with the cuſtody of priſoners. Thus turned into day-light, without money, friends, or knowledge of the practical world, (tho' excellently inſtructed in the theory) ſhe determined to avail herſelf of rather a maſculine form, and hard features, of appearing only in man's apparel, in which, ſhe entered as a private ſoldier in a regiment of foot, and gave ſo many inſtances of perſonal bravery,

as

as well as integrity, that ſhe obtained the employment of Adjutant, and Paymaſter to the corps. There was one *man*, however, from whom ſhe could not conceal her ſex; and by whom, ſhe had an only daughter.

She wrote memoirs of her own times, which we have ſeen in MS. and will venture to ſay, that none of the writers, whoſe names and works are here recited, would have given more entertainment to the public, than the memoirs of *Mlle. Bonnere.*

She bred up her daughter in the ſame manner and dreſs, ſhe had herſelf appeared in; and if we may hazard an opinion, from ſome pointed lines in her MS. *that* daughter, was, the Chevalier D'Eon, who made ſo much noiſe, not long ſince, in two kingdoms;

and

and whoſe ſex was deemed doubtful in this, till very lately.

MADAME DE SAINT-GERMAIN.

THIS lady took infinite pains, and we believe with good ſucceſs, to read, and well underſtand the Engliſh poets, and moſt celebrated Britiſh authors.

IN her preface, to her letters between Henry and Emilia, ſhe ſays: "I "have often ſpoke of the pure, and "elegant ſtyle of ADDISON; the ſub-"lime thoughts of SHAKESPEAR, and "MILTON; the flowery language of "THOMPSON; and the noble ſimplici-"ty of POPE: and therefore, I perſe-"vered in the ſtudy of the Engliſh "language, till I may venture to ſay, "I underſtand it tolerably well."

AND

And if we may pronounce a judgement, from the manner in which ſhe points out the excellencies of theſe authors, we may venture to ſay, that ſhe has ſpoken modeſtly enough of her attainments.

Her writings abound with ſentiment, good-ſenſe; and ſet virtue in an amiable, and vice in an odious light; which plainly ſhews, ſhe poſſeſſed a good heart alſo.

Madam *de Saint-Germain* was born at Paris, and lived there greatly reſpected, by perſons of learning and condition. She ſeems in reſpect to her diſpoſition, if we may form a judgement from her writings, very unlike the generality of her country-women; being rather of a melancholy, and contemplative turn of mind, and conſequently, fond of retirement.

" *Ennuyée,*

" *Ennuyée*, (ſays ſhe) and ſurfeited " with pleaſures, more brilliant than ſo- " lid, the ſoul not itſelf, nor the heart " perfectly at eaſe, I am determined to " taſte the pleaſures of retirement, and " give my ſoul that content, which hi- " therto, I have been unable to find in " the world—I ſhall therefore now de- " deliver myſelf up entirely to my own " reflections—I ſhall paſs in review, " all the ſcenes which I have obſerved " tranſacted upon this vaſt theatre; and " contemplate on the natural conſe- " quences produced by thoſe evolu- " tions of the mind."

MADAME PUISIEUX.

HER maiden name was *Madeleine Darſant*, born at Paris; well known as author of ſeveral moral, and entertaining works; among which, are *Conſeils*

ſeils à une ámie, in which there are ſome admirable inſtructions, relative to the education of her own ſex. She wrote alſo, *Réflections & avis ſur les Dèfauts, & les Ridicules à la Mode*; the moral of which, turns chiefly on the ſtate, and condition of her own ſex.

She ſays: "Women are born with "envy, and that very few of them can "bear to ſee others poſſeſs talents "which render them amiable."

To which truth, we moſt freely ſubſcribe; women are very good beings to the men they love; and even to men who do not merit their love; and they have in that caſe, generally a conſtancy in their nature, which men have not. —But *woman* to *woman*, where youth, beauty, genius, or talents of any kind can be put in competition, are as hoſtile to each other, as two he-tygers.

Swift

SWIFT obſerves, that women who covet the ſociety of their own ſex, are in general contemptible.—And Madam *Puiſieux* thinks, the converſation of men of moral characters, leſs dangerous to young females, than that of their own ſex. The love-letters, and converſation of two females, (ſays ſhe) are often big with miſchief; and therefore, ſhe diſapproves of a convent education.

IF, as Madam *Puiſieux* obſerves, the converſation of young females with each other, prove too often dangerous to their morals, even where they are upon an equality as to birth, condition, &c. how much more ſo then, muſt it be, when a young lady is permitted to converſe, and make a confidant of a ſervant-maid! whoſe ungrammatical language, vulgar expreſſions, and indecent converſation, muſt inevitably corrupt the heart, give a turn for intrigue, and

of

of courſe, often terminate fatally;—and yet this negligence in reſpect to the education of young girls, is almoſt univerſal!

MADAME ROBERT.

A Lady now living, her writings are lively, and abound with good-ſenſe, and fine ſentiment. Her beſt work is, *La Payſanne Philoſophe*, a romance, written in a ſimple, natural, and eaſy ſtyle. Her father, *Monſieur de Roumier*, was ſon to the King's Procurer, in *Provence*, a man of good family, but ſmall fortune.

MADAM *Robert* received a moſt excellent education, for which ſhe was chiefly indebted to the inſtructions of *Monſieur de Fontenelle*, who took infinite pleaſure in improving her genius, and

 taſte

taſte for letters. Another work of this lady's, is *Voyage dans les ſept Planetes;* a fiction, wherein ſhe criticiſes on the vices, follies, and abſurdities moſt predominant on *our own* Planet. A character of the inhabitants of each, is deſcribed by this lady's fertile imagination.

THOSE of the MOON, for example, ſays Madam *de Robert*, are the moſt frivolous, and vain ſet of beings imaginable; the women are agreeable, but inſignificant; and the men, deſtitute of taſte for ſolid enjoyments; poſſeſſing no reliſh, but for novelty.—MERCURY, is a world which produces nothing but citizens, whoſe ſole occupation, is in ſearch of riches, and in the amaſſing of great wealth, which they have neither taſte, leiſure, nor abilities to enjoy.—VENUS, is repreſented as a world, inhabited by a moſt voluptuous race, who give

give themſelves up to every kind of effeminacy, luxury, and licentious pleaſures; while MARS, produces nothing but heroes, warriors, valiant men, and Amazonian women.—JUPITER, exhibits a ſet of beings, called nobles, contemptible wretches, who are ſo puffed up with pride, and ſelf-importance, that they look upon every other human being, with an eye of contempt, and diſdain.—SATURN, repreſents the golden-age, the good old times, in which reigned candour, innocence, and ſimplicity.

IN ſhort, Madam *de Robert*, has brought theſe ſeven planets down to the earth, in order to exhibit more particularly, that little, but wicked *planet*, PARIS; where the ſeven orders of men, ſhe ſo aptly deſcribes are to be found, and ſhe has ſo contrived it, as to make the peruſal of her book, an excellent

leſſen to young Frenchmen, or ſtrangers of faſhion, who viſit that city of politeneſs, vice, folly, and philoſophy.

THE Hero and Heroine of this allegorical romance, is Lord *Céton*, and his ſiſter *Monime*, who undertake this journey through the ſeven planets. The wiſe, and judicious remarks which are occaſionly introduced on the manners, cuſtoms, &c. of the inhabitants, are moral, entertaining, and inſtructive.

LORD *Céton*, and his ſiſter *Monime*, the only remains of an illuſtrious Engliſh family, who had been driven from England by OLIVER CROMWELL, were left when infants, in an old caſtle of their anceſtors, in which there reſided a *familiar*, or *Genus*, named *Zachiel;* who is endowed with great wiſdom, and penetration, and accordingly exerciſes all the functions of a Mentor.

MADAM

MADAM *de Robert* ſeems to have had an eye to the Mentor of *Telemachus*; nor is *her* Mentor in any reſpect deficient, but paints virtue and vice, in their contraſtive colours, to great advantage.

THE firſt viſit theſe ærial travellers make, is to *Madame* LUNA; where *Zachiel* points out with ſhrewd remarks, the abſurdities, and follies, which engroſs the puerile inhabitants; and this they were able to perceive, long before they reached the capital, which plainly appears to be the *grand chemin* leading to PARIS; where cut trees, and diſtorted nature, animate, as well as inanimate, on all ſides, ſtrike the eye, and ſhew, that noiſe, and gaudineſs, are the ſubſtitutes for taſte, art, and nature;—at leaſt, that theſe are the moſt conſpicuous objects, and conſequently at firſt view, hide thoſe real and valuable gems, which a curious, and penetrating ge-

nius, is ſure to find in obſcure corners, of ſo extraordinary an aſſemblage, of every body, and every thing, which PARIS, (Madam *Robert*'s MOON) poſſeſſes.

WE could wiſh that our limits would permit us to give a more ample ſpecimen, of this very entertaining, and very inſtructive writer.

MADEMOISELLE FAUQUES.

BORN at *Avignon*, and who for ten years had been under the cover of a veil in a monaſtery, in which time, her good ſenſe having pointed out to her, the abſurdities of ſuch a life, ſhe quitted it, and reſided at *Paris*; and there publiſhed ſeveral romances. The beſt of which, we think, is *Triomphe de l'Amitié*; (the Triumph of Friendſhip) and this

this ſhe gave, on her firſt quitting the convent, and was no doubt, a *child born within thoſe religious walls:* this is a ſort of proof, of what we have often obſerved, that there is a kind of mediocrity of underſtanding only, which can bear to live in ſuch durance; and that when a real genius is caught in one of thoſe prieſt-traps, (a convent) the *genius* will be too ſtrong for the convent doors, and either break out, or let in *more* than the father confeſſor approves: for however ſerene the countenance of the *Religieuſe* may appear at a grate, we are well aſſured, that there is as much envy, hatred, and malice, in the *back ground* of thoſe religious manſions, as in proportion, to the great world.

Mademoiſelle

Mademoiſelle DE SAINT-PHALIER.

BORN at Paris, and well known there under a variety of names, died at the age of thirty-five, in the year 1757.

SHE wrote in proſe, *Le Porte-feuille rendu, & les Caprices du Sort*, a comedy in three acts; which was performed at the Italian theatre, 1752, under the title of the *La Rivale Confidente*, and was well received.

Mademoiſelle de Saint-Phalier had concealed herſelf in an obſcure box, to ſee her play performed; and upon ſome miſtake of the actors, ſhe was ſo much agitated, that ſhe fainted away, but after recovering a little, ſhe burſt out into a torrent of tears, and cried out in a loud voice, "*Ils déchirent ma piéce, ah! "ils déchirent ma piéce.*" i. e. "They "have

" have deſtroyed my work, they have
" deſtroyed my work."

MADEMOISELLE BROHON.

A Lady, whoſe youth, beauty, and talents as a writer, have excited much curioſity; for at the age of eighteen, ſhe had publiſhed ſeveral very ingenious writings; particularly, *Les Amans Philoſophes*, a little romance. But her firſt work, which appeared in the Mercury of France, intitled *Des Charmes de l'Ingénuité*, was what firſt made her literary talents known; though her perſon before, was univerſally admired.—But her Triumph of Reaſon, in her Philoſophical Lovers, is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

MADAME

MADAME ELIE DE BEAUMONT.

AUTHOR of a very celebrated moral romance, in which, are introduced ſome letters of the Marquis *de Roſelles*, which abound with ſterling ſenſe, and ſentiment, conveyed in the moſt elegant language.

THE judicious advice of *Madame de Ferval* (one of the principal characters of this romance) to her daughter, who is juſt upon the point of being married to the Marquis *de Roſelle*, is in no reſpect inferior either to what is given by *Madame de Maintenon*, to the Ducheſs *de Bourgogne;* or of the Marchioneſs *de Lambert's* to her daughter.

Monſieur de Beaumont, the huſband of this very elegant writer, is a counſellor of the parliament at *Paris;* a man, not only very highly eſteemed in his profeſſion,

feſſion, but alſo for his learning, being the author of many intereſting memoirs, which are well written; particularly a pamphlet drawn up in defence of the unfortunate family of the *Calas*.—His ſentiments, in reſpect to thoſe unhappy ſufferers, ſeem to coincide with thoſe of *Voltaire;* who alſo defended the innocence of an oppreſſed family, with a zeal, that would alone, immortalize his memory.

MADAME FAGNAN.

AS this lady's writings abound with nothing but marvellous prodigies, produced by demons, fairies, &c. we muſt take leave of her to give an account of,

MADAME

MADAME BELOT.

AUTHOR of a very ingenious performance, intitled *Réflexions d'une Provinciale ſur le Diſcours, de M. Rouſſeau, de Genêve, touchant l'Origine de l'Inégalité des Conditions parmi les Hommes.*

HER other works conſiſt of ſome tranſlations from the moſt celebrated Engliſh authors, which ſhe has compiled, under the title of *Mélanges de Littérature Angloiſe;* where ſhe has ſhewn no leſs diſcernment, than taſte, in the ſubjects ſhe has choſen, and by the correct, faithful, and elegant manner, in which they are executed.

MADAME KERALIO.

THIS lady has alſo made herſelf known by ſome very good tranſlations

lations from the beſt Engliſh authors, particularly GAY's Fables, which have been exceedingly admired.

MADAME BONTEMS.

HAS given a very good tranſlation of THOMPSON's Seaſons, in which, ſhe has not only ſhewn that ſhe is a perfect miſtreſs of the language; but alſo, that ſhe well underſtood the excellent beauties of that celebrated poet.

MESDAMES DU CORBET, CHARDON, JULIEN, LE PAUTE, HECQUET, and ARCHAMBAUT are writers of no great eminence.

MADAME DE PREMONVAL.

BORN at *Paris*, 1724, was appointed reader to the Princeſs of Pruſſia, conſort of Prince Henry, brother to the King. She was in great favor at that court, for her learning, and the many amiable qualities ſhe poſſeſſed.—This lady compoſed, *Le Méchaniſte Philoſophe, Mémoires concernant la vie de Jean Pigeon.*

MADEMOISELLE PLISSON.

BORN at *Chatres*, 1727, compoſed an ode upon the birth of the Duke *de Bourgogne;* ſome ſtanzas upon the birth of the Duke *d'Aquitaine;* and laſtly, a work intitled, *Reflexions Critiques ſur les écrits qu'a Produits la Queſtion de la Légitimité des Naiſſances tardives.*

MESDAMES

MESDAMES MENON, ALISSANT, DOLIEME, LOUVERNI, COSSON, HAMEL, LUIRE, LEZE and DE FLONCEL. are by no means writers of the firſt claſs, their productions afford nothing very intereſting or entertaining. The laſt mentioned lady, took great delight, and employed herſelf ſolely in ſtudying the Italian language; it is ſaid, ſhe had ten thouſand volumes in that language, which is more than any other library in France can boaſt of.

JANE HACHETTE.

THOUGH no author ought not to be omitted where the illuſtrious women of France are mentioned.—— Having put herſelf at the head of a body of women in *Piccardy*, and repulſed with extraordinary bravery, the Burgundians, when they made an aſ-

ſault upon the town of *Beauvois*, in the year 1472;—for ſhe took the flag out of the hands of a ſoldier, who was going to place it in the breach, and tumbled him into the ditch! In memory of this gallant action, her deſcendants are free of all taxes; and there is an annual commemoration of this event on the tenth of July; when the women walk firſt in the proceſſion.

Marchioneſs de SAINT-CHAMOND.

THE daughter of an Italian Architect, and a Pariſian Lady of Faſhion; her maiden name was *Mazarelli*, but before the age of fourteen, ſhe was married to the Marquis *de Saint-Chamond*, who died in the year 1750, at which time, ſhe was obliged to commence a proceſs* to prove her marriage,

* Vide the memoirs of *Monſieur Mannory*, vol. VIII.

age, which laſted three years;—the merits of which, was, during the whole time not only a ſubject of converſation in *Paris*, but throughout all Europe; and it is with pleaſure that we relate, her triumph over an hoſt of enemies, and the refutation of a cloud of falſe witneſſes, who ſtuck at nothing to vilify, and defame her.

She commenced author, it is ſaid, at the particular requeſt of the Marquis her huſband; and firſt wrote an elegy, on the Duke of Sully, which has ſtampt her talents for writing, with as ſtrong a mark of fame, as the noble ſubject ſhe fixed upon; for we find in her writings, a pure diction, natural reflections, noble ſentiments—pathetic—ingenious, and void of all affectation: and it is very worthy the notice of her readers, with what propriety and judgement ſhe varies her ſtyle when ſhe ſpeaks of

SULLY, as a Warrior, as a *Financier*, and as a Miniſter.

IN War, ſhe repreſents his warmth; and activity, by the extraordinary brilliancy of her ſtyle; in the Cabinet, on the contrary, ſhe ſhews him in that cool and gentle train, by which alone, ſtate buſineſs muſt be conducted, if conducted to a good end;—and ſhe finiſhes this maſterly piece, by repreſenting the general face of PARIS on that BLACK DAY, on which the beſt, and greateſt Prince that ever wore a crown, fell a victim to that worſt, and curſed of all crimes, FANATICISM. And this ſad ſcene, ſhe has painted in ſuch vivid, and ſtriking colours, that it almoſt brings the objects as cloſe to the eyes of the reader, as the fate of the good King's was, before, brought to his own heart. And we muſt confeſs, that when we compare the death of *our* CHARLES, and *their* HENRY,

HENRY, we can only pity the weakneſs and impolicy of the former; while we are diſpoſed to drop a full-grown tear for the latter.—CHARLES fell for violating thoſe laws he had ſworn to defend;—HENRY fell by baſer hands, for defending thoſe laws he had placed himſelf at the head of, by his valour, humanity, wiſdom, and DIGNIFIED MIND. A King, whoſe greatneſs, is to this day ſo deeply impreſſed on the minds of all ſenſible Frenchmen, that we have often ſat with pleaſure, for hours, to ſee the preſent generation paſs by his Equeſtrian Statue, on the *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*, paying their reſpects to the inanimate repreſentation of their PATRIOT KING.

IN the Paris Mercury of 1751, there appeared a deſcription of *Madame de Saint-Chamond*, written by herſelf, in which ſhe has, according to the *peculiar cuſtom* of French female writers, told us

us the form of her perſon, the colour of hair, the whiteneſs of her teeth, and the perfections. and faults of her mind; but having given one or two ſpecimens of theſe ſort of portraits in our firſt volume, we will omit informing our readers, what the perſonal charms of *Madame de Saint-Chamond*'s were, in the year 1751, aſſuring her readers, that her mental faculties, were inferior to none of her ſex.

BOUETTE *de* BLEMOUR JACOBA.

OF a noble family, Prioreſs of the Royal Abbey of the Holy Trinity. When ſhe was ſixty years of age, the Ducheſs of *Mecklenburg* her aunt, perſuaded her to remove to *Chattilon*, where ſhe had founded a houſe of Benedictine Nuns. *Bouette* ſubmitted to the charge, and at the age of ſixty, became

came a Novice of a New Order. In that humble ſtation, ſhe compoſed many pious works; namely, the greatneſs of the Bleſſed Virgin; the life of Father *Fournier de Melincourt;* the exerciſes of Death; and the lives of the Saints: they were publiſhed in two large volumes in folio.

MADAME BENOIT,

Francoiſe Albine Puzin de la Martiniere.

BORN at *Lyons*, but has lived many years in *Paris*. She poſſeſſes great literary talents, for which ſhe is indebted entirely to Nature, for ſhe never applied herſelf much to ſtudy, nor was ſhe much converſant with the *beaux eſprits*. She married *Monſieur Benoit*, alſo a native of *Lyons*, an excellent draughtſman.

THE firſt literary production of this lady's, was a collection of letters, addreſſed to an intimate friend; in which is interſperſed, ſome critical obſervations and anecdotes, not unentertaining. This work met with great ſucceſs, which has rendered her name much celebrated.

THE author commences by exclaiming againſt thoſe who wiſh to exclude women from indulging their taſte for letters, or literary purſuits.——"Provided, (ſays Madam *Benoit*) it does "not interfere with their domeſtic du"ties, ſurely they ought not to be de"nied the moſt rational and delicate of "all recreations."—She compoſed many romances, in which ſhe has ſhewn a fertile imagination, great feeling, and delicacy of ſentiment.

HER *Penſées Détachées*, are ſenſible, and

and juſt, but nothing new. Two other romances of this lady's, intitled *Elizabeth & Célianne*, has alſo great merit; and are written in a very natural, and eaſy ſtyle. But her beſt work is, *Les Lettres du Colonel Talbert;* which abound with circumſtances, both natural and intereſting; in which, are interſperſed, many philoſophical reflections.—Madam *Benoit* compoſed laſtly, a comedy, intitled, *La Supercherie réciproque.*

MSEDAMES GUICHARD,

AND

SUSANNE BODIN *de* BOIS-MORTIER.

COMPOSED each a romance, in which there does not appear any thing above mediocrity. The firſt mentioned lady, died very young at *Paris;* and the latter, who is the daughter of a muſician at *Perpignan*, is ſtill living.

MADAME

MADAME CAMPION.

AT the age of twenty, compoſed a very fine elegy, which was univerſally admired. She married a ſurgeon of great eminence in his profeſſion, and the author of many very entertaining periodical writings.

CHARLOTTE RENYER.

STYLED by herſelf, *La Muſe Limonadiere*, on account of her being the daughter of a *limonadier*,* and having alſo married one of the ſame profeſſion, who kept the German Coffee-houſe, in the ſtreet St. *Croix*, in *Paris*. She alſo married a ſecond huſband in the ſame buſineſs, named *Bourette*.

Madame Bourette compoſed a collection

* One who makes and ſells limonade.

tion in proſe and verſe, under the title of *Recueil en Vers & en Proſe*, dedicated to King STANISLAUS. This celebrated Muſe, has employed her pen chiefly in praiſe of thoſe actions and events which have been moſt intereſting to France. But her ode to the King of PRUSIA is much eſteemed; and that great Monarch, honored her (through the hands of his Ambaſſador) with a very fine gold *Etui*. A ſhort extract from that ode, ſo celebrated, we will give in the original, which was compoſed before the war 1755.

" ROI des ſavans & des ſages, je ſuis
" née ſur les rives de la ſeine, & loin
" des bords fortunés de la ſprée, que tu
" embellis par ta préſence. Tu regnes
" ſur les eſprits; les bornes de ton em-
" pire ne ſont ni les fleuves ni les ri-
" vieres: daigne recevoir aujourd' hui

" le tribut de mon zèle, & de mon
" admiration.

" MAIS qui ſuis-je, pour ſacrifier
" ſur tes Autels? Je ne compte parmi
" mes ancêtres que des hommes ſans
" nom; les Dieux m' ont refuſé les hon-
" neurs, les titres, les dignités: Une
" voix foible peut-elle chanter un Roi!
" oui, ſ'écrie la ſageſſe, tu peux chan-
" ter un Roi philoſophe, qui foule aux
" pieds la chimere de la naiſſance, &
" qui penſe avec moi, qu' il n'eſt point
" d'autre nobleſſe que la vertu.

" LE favori d'Uranie, l'ami de Cal-
" liope, l'un & l'autre nés comme moi,
" dans l'empire des Lys, ont volé dans
" les Régions hyperborées, pour ſ'aller
" proſterner aux pieds de ton Trône, &
" admirer en toi un Roi, ami de la ſa-
" geſſe, qui, d'un œil ſavant, révere
" tout à la fois dans Apollon, & le Dieu

" des

" des ſaiſons, & le Dieu des poëtes,
" Tout la terre te fait hommage des
" ſavans qu' elle produit, la ſuperbe
" Veniſe ſe vante moins des faveurs de
" Neptune que de la naiſſance d'un
" philoſophe aimable qui t'a ſcu plaire,
" parce qu' il a ſcu lui-même marier
" les grace d'Auſonie avec la profon-
" deur d'Albion.

" INSPIRE-moi, Dieu de l'Hélicon;
" livre mon ame à ces heureux tranſ-
" ports que reſſentit autrefois la muſe de
" Leſbos; elle chanta les attraits d'un
" amant dangereux, qui troubla ſa rai-
" ſon; je chante aujourd' hui les ver-
" tus d'un Sage couronné, qui perfec-
" tionne la nôtre.

" QUI, grand Prince, tes écrits im-
" mortels, rivaux de tes examples, ap-
" prendront, dans tous les tems aux
" Dieux de la terre l'art de gouverner

" les hommes. Tu as démaſqué la " fourberie & la trahiſon, que l'ame " perfide confondoit malignement avec " la politique, &c.

In this ſtyle does Madam *de Bourette* compliment that truly great and just monarch, whoſe valour, wiſdom, and knowledge in the art of governing, is ſurpaſſed by none, and equalled by few.

Madame de SAINT-AUBIN.

AUTHOR of ſome romances, which are written in a natural and eaſy ſtyle. The firſt work which made this lady's merit known, is intitled *Le Danger des Liaiſons, ou Mémoires de la Baronne de Blemon.* Her maiden name, was *d'Oville.* She married *Monſieur de Saint-Aubin*, a gentleman of good family in Burgundy; and

and after his death, ſhe gave her hand to the Baron *d'Andlau.* She alſo wrote ſome memoirs in the form of letters, between two young perſons of quality, which is a performance of no great merit.

Mademoiſelle de la GUESNERIE.

VERY highly diſtinguiſhed for her learning and literary talents. She compoſed a work, *Mémoires de Milédy B.* which has been (we ſuppoſe from its merit) attributed to the pen of *Madame Riccoboni*, but its real author is *Mademoiſelle de la Gueſnerie*, a native of *Angers*, whoſe ſtyle and ſentiment is equal to any of her predeceſſors, or cotemporaries. We cannot but lament, when ſuch great talents are employed only in *Fiction*, however finely imagined, or elegantly expreſſed; but *Mademoiſelle de la Gueſ-*

nerie's affecting manner of writing, is ſuch, as would almoſt make converts of thoſe, who do not in general, admire *that* line of literature.

MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-VAST.

A Lady who has given her country-women ſpecimens of the firſt poets and orators who ſhone in the reign of LEWIS the fourteenth. Conſequently, *Fénelon, Fléchier, Boſſuet,* the Fathers *Bourdaloue, Maſſillon, Cheminais, Larue,* the two *Corneilles, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Moliere, Madame des Houliéres, Fontenelle,* and many other eminent French writers of both ſexes, are brought by this very ingenious writer in review; but her principal, and moſt intereſting work, is, *L'Eſprit de* SULLY, in which, ſhe gives a lively picture of his royal, and never to be forgotten maſter,

maſter, HENRY the fourth; and takes the colours which form the portrait of that great King, from nineteen letters, written by the King to SULLY.

IN one of which, he ſays: "I am "very near my enemies, without even "a horſe fit for combat, nor accoutre- "ments to mount one; my ſhirts are "torn to pieces, my doublets are full "of holes to my elbows, my ſoup "kettle turned top-ſide turf-ſide; and "I eat where-ever I can get a dinner, "for my purveyors tell me, they are "unable to provide for my table."

AND in a converſation he held with SULLY, he complained grievouſly of his unhappy connection with the Queen. —"Her temper, (ſays the King) is "bad, and I find in her preſence, nei- "ther ſociety, amuſement, nor con- "tentment; ſhe being deſtitute of com-

"plaiſance,

" plaiſance, or ſoftneſs in converſation;
" nor does ſhe poſſeſs one good quality
" which is ſuitable to my humour; and
" if I enter into familiar converſation,
" or offer to careſs her, ſhe receives
" me with ſuch cool indifference, that
" I am obliged to find conſolation elſe-
" where: My poor couſin *Guiſe*, is my
" only refuge."

THE laſt converſation which the King held with SULLY, a few days before he was aſſaſinated, Madam *de Saint-Vaſt*, has given in her memoirs, by which, it ſeems, he had a *preſſentiment* of his unhappy end.

" AH! my friend, (ſaid he to SULLY)
" I know not what it is, but my heart
" predicts ſome fatal misfortune to me;
" and I think I ſhall never more go out
" of this city; *(Paris)* they covet my
" death as their laſt reſource; this ſad
" coronation

" coronation will end in my deſtruc-
" tion! I would willingly put it off,
" but that the Queen is too much im-
" preſſed with the ceremony to forgive
" it."

Sully expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at the King's depreſſion of ſpirits, and endeavored to rouze him from his melancholy, obſerving how often he had braved danger in the field, yet at the ſame time, ſeemed himſelf ſomewhat uneaſy, and preſſed the King not to attend in perſon, and to permit him to wait on the queen to put it off to a more favorable time.

In ſhort, without giving way to much ſuperſtition, there is nothing ſo very extraordinary in the King's being rather alarmed, conſidering what a concourſe of people that buſineſs would collect together; and the very untoward light,

both

both as to religion, and love, he ſtood in, with the Queen.—Certain it is, his uneaſineſs was too well founded, and he fell as baſely as he had lived and reigned nobly.

MADAME HUS.

MOTHER of an actreſs of the ſame name, and who had been herſelf upon the the ſtage. She wrote a comedy in proſe, which was repreſented at the Italian Theatre with middling ſucceſs, to ſecure which, previous to the performance, ſhe brought *Mademoiſelle* Sylvia in the character of Folly on the ſtage, who endeavored to procure the favor of the Pit Critics, by telling them in a few words, that the author was a *woman*, and that they were *Frenchmen*. It is upon ſuch little pivots as theſe, that applauſe is given, or cenſure

ſure with-held; and if Madam *Hus* was not an ingenious writer, ſhe knew how to employ the little arts of the theatre in favor of her performance.

When an orange was thrown at one of our actors, who was ſo much under the cenſure of the public, that they would not let him proceed in his part, he caught the orange in his hand, and turning it about firſt with an eye of attention, looked up to the gallery from whence it came; and obſerved to them, that, that was no *civil* orange: this turn of ready wit, procured him inſtantly a general pardon.

Madame ROURSIER.

Wrote a treatiſe under the following title, *L'Art des Accouchemens*, with notes by *Monſieur Verdier*.

Madame

Madame LEBOURCIER DU COUDRAY.

ALSO employed her pen upon the ſame ſubject, having practiſed mid-wifery at *Paris* for ſixteen years with the greateſt ſucceſs. She afterwards ſettled at *Auvergne*, where ſhe acquired ſuch great reputation in her profeſſion, that not only the women of the neighbouring villages, but from the moſt diſtant parts, flocked to her for aſſiſtance and advice, many of whom, had been improperly treated by ignorant country mid-wives, but more particularly by the ſurgeons who likewiſe followed the profeſſion of mid-wifery, and who from their ignorance, and brutality, had done infinite miſchief, and had been the fatal cauſe of the moſt dangerous conſequences ariſing from their unſkillful practice.

MADAME

MADAME *du Coudray* very humanely not only gave her advice to the poor gratis, but likewiſe inſtructed thoſe of her own profeſſion, and opened a ſchool for the reception of young pupils, and that they might be the better able to comprehend the Theory of their profeſſion, ſhe had a figure conſtructed, which ſhe called *une femme artificiel*, this ingenious invention was very highly approved of by the moſt learned of the faculty.

SHE wrote likewiſe another treatiſe, in which ſhe has given further proofs of her good ſenſe, and humane and benevolent diſpoſition, in her advice to thoſe mothers who are willing to become nurſes to their own children, the title of her book is, *Avis aux meres qui nourriſſent leurs Enfans.* "It is an error "(ſays this ſenſible writer) to imagine "that a child that is put out to nurſe,

" will love the parent with the ſame
" degree of tenderneſs, as if ſhe had
" nurſed it herſelf. And the means
" taken to wean the child, and make
" it forget its nurſe, is the firſt leſſon
" that it is taught of indifference and
" ingratitude. The ſeparation of chil-
" dren from their nurſes, is to thoſe of
" ſuſceptible and tender diſpoſitions,
" a moſt cruel affliction, and very
" often is of ill conſequence to their
" health. They afterwards attach them-
" ſelves to the firſt perſon who has the
" care of them, and they feel but little
" more than politeneſs for the mother;
" if they are taken away a *ſecond* time
" from thoſe who were intruſted with
" the care of them, they expreſs but
" little uneaſineſs, having been already
" taught to diſengage their affections.
" This proceeding (ſays *Madame du*
" *Coudray*) make children affable and
" unreſerved with the world, but they

" love

" love—No body. While thoſe who
" are brought up always with the mo-
" ther, continue their attachment to
" her during life."

WHATEVER is contrary to nature, is moſt certainly wrong.—Nothing therefore can be more ſo, than a mother's giving up to a ſtranger, that moſt important and tender charge of ſuckling her own Infant. It has been an obſervation of many, that the children of the lower order of people are in general, much more attached to their parents, than thoſe of the people of faſhion. *Madame du Coudray*'s ſenſible remarks, ſeem to put it out of all doubt, *why* we ſo often find nature operate ſo much ſtronger on one ſide, while it ſeems to have loſt all its power on the other. The poor have ſtill another advantage over the rich, having nothing to *give*, or *leave*, their children have no

inducements to *put on* an appearance of an affection, which they do not in *reality* feel.

Mademoiſelle DE BAZINCOURT.

A Penſioner in the Royal Abbey of *Long Champ*, has given an abridgment of the Bible in verſe, dedicated to the late Queen of France, a little before her Majeſty's death. This performance met with the higheſt approbation of all the religious perſons of both ſexes, and was particularly recommended to be read in the public ſchools.

MESDAMES CARRON AND BESUCHET.

ARE both very ſenſible writers. The former wrote a diſſertation upon the

the ſubject of *Accouchemens*. And the laſt mentioned lady compoſed ſome ſtanzas upon miſery, under the title of *Le Miſerere*, and alſo ſome fugitive pieces of poetry, which were well received.

WE ought not in theſe Sketches to omit mentioning *ſuſpected* Female writers, among whom are

MADAME DUPIN.

SUPPOSED to be the author of the preface to a diſſertation on the ſpirit of laws.

MADAME DE LA POPELINIERE.

SISTER to the above lady and reputed author of a work intitled

Hiſtoire de la Succeſſion d'Eſpagne du Comte oHieri.

MADAME DENIS.

NEICE to *Monſieur de Voltaire*, is ſaid to have wrote *La Coquette Punie*, a comedy of five acts in verſe. The time this lady ſpent at *Berlin*, her return with *M. de Voltaire* to *Genève*, and laſtly to *Ferney*, has not a little contributed to render her name celebrated in the polite world.

MADEMOISELLE HUBERT.

A Proteſtant, who died at *Lyons* in 1753, was a celebrated writer. One of her works was intitled, *Le Monde fou préferé au Monde Sage*. She even ventured, though a Proteſtant, to employ her pen in ſome theological enquiries,

enquiries, which might at *that time* have brought her into trouble. She was well acquainted with the Engliſh language, having tranſlated the Spectators into French.

MESDAMES CHOPPY, DE LA CROIX, DE LAUNAI, HAMEL, GAILLARD, MAISON-NEUVE and FAVART ſeem to have gained but little reputation by their literary productions.

MADEMOISELLE L'ESPINASSI.

HAS employed her pen on a ſubject of the higheſt importance to ſociety, namely the education of young ladies. If female influence has ſuch power on the minds of men, as is generally believed, it then becomes a matter of the firſt conſequence to a ſtate

in

in *what manner* the females are educated; ſince the public welfare ſo greatly depends upon it.

If men are immoral, 'tis becauſe they find the women are profligate, and are permitted to lead a life of diſſipation, to indulge themſelves in the purſuit of idle pleaſures, which tends to corrupt their hearts. For when ever the women have been renowned for their virtue, modeſty, and reſerved conduct, the men have been equally remarkable for their probity, honeſty and integrity.

"The firſt care in educating of "young girls, ſays *Mlle. L'Eſpinaſſi*, is "to pay the utmoſt attention to what "you *do* or *ſay* in their preſence. "Curioſity being natural to youth, they "are ever upon the watch, and fail not "to obſerve minutely every circum-"ſtance which comes before them.—

"Firſt

" Firſt impreſſions are not eaſily eradi-
" cated, therefore if any thing eſcapes
" you, that is in the leaſt degree im-
" proper, it will have its effect on their
" mind in ſpite of all the pains you
" may hereafter take, by endeavouring
" to efface the remembrance of it. One
" day, a little child (continues *Mlle. L'Eſpinaſſi*) came up to me and ſaid.
" *I am in love.* In love, what you!
" how ſo? *It muſt be love*, (replied the
" child) *for we concealed ourſelves behind*
" *the ſcreen to kiſs each other.* It is true,
" it may be ſaid this is only childiſhneſs,
" and that this infant's idea of love was
" too imperfect to leave any wrong im-
" preſſions, but nevertheleſs, it employ-
" ed its little reaſon to a bad purpoſe,
" if it thought the act of kiſſing, an
" act that ought to be concealed."

Mlle. L'Eſpinaſſi expreſſes great indignation againſt thoſe parents who permit their

their children to read romances. " If " (ſays ſhe) they muſt be amuſed with " tales, let it be of the Fairies, or, Ara- " bian tales; as thoſe ſort of compoſi- " tions treat of things quite out of na- " ture, they are infinitely leſs dangerous " to the morals, than thoſe which are " capable of making an impreſſion on " the heart, and work upon the paſ- " ſions. The firſt books which they " ſhould be permited to read as ſoon " as their underſtandings open ſuf- " ficiently to comprehend the nature " of the ſubject, ought to be the Bible, " the hiſtory of their own country, " and books of geography." And *Mlle. Eſpinaſſi* recommends the teaching them muſic, dancing languages, &c. by *women* inſtead of *men.*"

In ſhort, this ſenſible writer has omited nothing in her inſtructions that can either tend to inſpire a love for virtue,

tue, or a deteſtation towards every thing that is immoral. The preciſion of her ſtyle, the delicacy of her ſentiments, and the ſound judgement ſhe diſcovers throughout this eſſay, does *Mademoiſelle L'Eſpinaſſi*'s head and heart the higheſt honor.

MADAME GUIBERT.

COMPOSED a variety of poems, epiſtles, and dramas, which have met with great ſucceſs; particularly the three following, namely, *La Coquette Corrigée, Les Rendez-vous, & les Filles à Marier.* But the moſt ſingular compoſition of this lady's is her own portrait, drawn by herſelf, and the only one we recollect having met with in verſe.

Vive juſqu'á l'étourderie,
Folle dans mes diſcours, mais ſage en mes écrits,
Ils ſont preſque toujours remplis

Par

Par des traits de philoſophie.
Senſible pour l'inſtant, mais facile à changer,
J'oublie, & quelquefois on peût me croire ingrate.
Je cherche à m'éclairer; Je crois ce qui me flatte;
Je fuis les envieux, ſans vouloir m'en vanger;
Mon eſprit eſt ſolide, & mon cœur eſt lèger
Air gai, peau blanche, œil noir, & grandeur ordinaire;
Mes traits ſont chifonnès; ma taille eſt réguliere.

MADEMOISELLE DE BERMANN.

A Lady of infinite merit, whoſe name has been highly celebrated in *Lorraine*, for a moſt eloquent oration, which contains much good ſenſe, and ſolid reaſoning, conveyed in elegant language, that ſhe received the moſt diſtinguiſhed marks of approbation from the royal ſociety of *Nancy*, where her portrait is ſtill to be ſeen in the great hall of that ſociety. We lament we have not abilities to convey her fine ſentiments to our readers, nor to render that juſtice to a performance which has been

been held in ſuch high eſtimation by men of letters. But that our readers may be able to form a faint idea of this lady's eloquence, we will venture to give the following extract.

" My youth,* and ſex, (ſays *Mlle. de* " *Bermann)* gives this my attempt per- " haps the appearance of too much te- " merity. But having arrived at that " period of life wherein we are ena- " bled to form a *true* judgement of " things, I have preſumed to make tri- " al of my own abilities, by endeavour- " ing if poſſible to merit the approba- " tion of this learned ſociety.—Do we " not daily ſee youths, who gather lau- " rels in the field of Mars?—Will Mi- " nerva then, be more ſevere than the " God of War? As many women " have been honored with the Acade-

 " mical

* This lady was only eighteen.

" mical crown, without daring even to
" hope for that ſucceſs and applauſe
" which they unexpectedly met with, I
" am emboldened to purſue the ſame
" line. Though I am perhaps the
" only woman who has ventured here,
" to offer the firſt fruit of her ſtu-
" dies; may I preſume to flatter my-
" ſelf, that I am not the firſt who has
" proved unworthy of the commenda-
" tion of this awful aſſembly. I confeſs,
" I have the glory and honor of my
" ſex at heart. Talents, education, and
" ſtudy, are on the ſide of my competi-
" tors; whereas, I, have nothing to
" boaſt of, but an ardent, perhaps vain
" deſire of endeavoring to imitate
" them. But if it ſhould happen, as
" probably will be the caſe, that I am
" unworthy of the high honor I ſeek,
" I earneſtly entreat my judges to for-
" get that ever I preſumed to offer my-
" ſelf a candidate for fame. I wiſh not

" that

" that *Lorraine* ſhould know that I aſ-
" pired at the prize, unleſs at the ſame
" time, they heard I had been ſo for-
" tunate as to have merited it. After
" having read many authors which treat
" of moral philoſophy and the *belles let-*
" *tres*, I was induced to make a compa-
" riſon between the two ſpecies of writ-
" ings, and reſolve my doubts, which of
" the two, proves to be of the moſt uti-
" lity to mankind? That which treats
" ſimply of literature, ſerves either to
" amuſe, inſtruct, or render us more
" eloquent. The other teaches us diſ-
" cretion, moderation, and wiſdom; wiſ-
" dom to form our manners, diſcretion
" and moderation to examine our own
" imperfections, as well as to enable us
" to judge properly of others. There-
" fore I will not heſitate to decide in fa-
" vor of moral philoſophy, as being of
" moſt utility. We have but few books
" which treat of the latter, in compari-

" ſon to the former, and this may ac-
" count for our age being not leſs cor-
" rupt and depraved, than enlightened.
" The end of moral philoſophy, is, ac-
" cording to my firſt propoſition, to
" know ourſelves thoroughly, to learn
" what our duties are, and to fulfil them
" with fidelity.—This then, is certainly
" of all ſciences, the moſt neceſſary and
" uſeful for us to ſtudy. It is the rule of
" our actions, and if to be virtuous was
" an Art, I would ſay it is the Art
" of virtue. It teaches us to maſter
" our paſſions.—If we are ambitious
" to obtain glory; it teaches us the
" true and only method of attaining it.
" And as we would willingly be happy;
" it points out the infallible means of
" being ſo. It penetrates into the moſt
" ſecret receſſes of the human heart;
" it imperceptibly ſeparates good from
" evil. It is to her leſſons that man-
" kind owe thoſe ſentiments which guide

" and

" and direct them through all their pro-
" ceedings. It is to her precepts that
" the wicked are inſpired to repentance,
" and are made to bluſh at having re-
" nounced virtue. The ſtudy of moral
" philoſophy produces heroes and great
" men, without it, there would have
" been no SOCRATES, no ALCIBIADES.
" Without ſcience or eloquence, it is
" true, we could be of ſervice to our
" families, friends and to ſociety; but
" can we be ſo without virtue? What a
" difference there is between the glory
" of being maſter of the ſciences by the
" help of an enlightened underſtanding,
" and the merit of having a command
" over ourſelves by the force of Rea-
" ſon! The compariſon between mo-
" ral philoſophy and literature, naturally
" leads us to contemplate on the differ-
" ence between the *Athenians* and *Lace-*
" *dæmonians*. The *Athenians* ſtudied elo-
" quence, and taught the art of ſpeak-

"ing well. But the *Lacedæmonians* "taught morality, and how to live "virtuouſly."

Mlle. de Bermann throughout her writings plainly diſcovers, that ſhe prefers *ſolid ſenſe*, to that brilliant wit ſo much admired by the generality of the world.

How often do we ſee the multitude carried away by the tide of wit and eloquence? When at the ſame time, the much admired orator, has made uſe of only the flowers of language, and a captivating delivery, to effect his auditors, inſtead of producing weighty reaſons in ſupport of his arguments, while all his hearers depart more charmed, than convinced. TRUTH and REASON require but little ornament to ſet them off—therefore when an orator is deſtitute of either on the ſide of his argument, his only reſource lies in dazzling the underſtanding

underſtanding of his hearers, and deluding their ſenſes by the faſcinating powers of eloquence.

THIS puts us in mind of an anecdote related of LEWIS the thirteenth, who being preſent at a proceſs in a court of judicature, heard the counſel for the plaintif plead his client's cauſe with ſuch pathetic eloquence, that the King being perfectly convinced of the juſtice of his caſe, declared that he thought it was of no uſe for the other counſel to attempt pleading for the defendant, as the reaſons made uſe of by his adverſary were in his opinion, unanſwerable. A nobleman preſent, hearing what the King ſaid, begged his Majeſty would be pleaſed to ſuſpend his judgement till he had heard all the arguments on the other ſide. The counſel for the defendant who was not inferior to the other, in point of eloquence, made every thing which

which had been ſaid in favor of the other ſide, appear clearly to the diſadvantage of the plaintif, and carried the cauſe againſt him, to the great aſtoniſhment of the King; the ſame nobleman, then aſked the King, what his Majeſty *now* thought of the matter? Why, *parbleu* replied the King, I think they are *both* in the right.

MADAME RICCOBONI.

(née 1713, m. 1792)

A Lady now living at Paris, and one, who from her literary genius, and knowledge of our language, is almoſt as well known in England as in France. And we are happy to be among the ſmall number with whom ſhe correſponds, and of the great number who admire her for the amiableneſs of her private character and the animated, ſentimental

ſentimental, and entertaining productions of her pen.

Madame Riccoboni has (according to the peculiar faſhion of female writers in France) given ſome account of her perſon and character in the following manner. " My ſtature (ſays ſhe) is tall, my " eyes are black, and my complexion " fair; my phyſiognomy announces " candor. I am incapable of deceit. " When converſing with thoſe I love, " my air is lively and gay, but cool " and reſerved, towards ſtrangers. I " treat thoſe whom I deſpiſe, with con- " tempt and ſeverity, nor have I any " thing to ſay to thoſe with whom I " am unacquainted. I am indolent, " and loſe all my vivacity under the " leaſt fatigue of body or mind. My " life is uniform and ſimple, which pro- " cures me the bleſſing of perfect health, " which has not been in the leaſt im-

" paired,

" paired, in ſpite of much chagrin, and
" a long and ſad ſubjection. My tem-
" per is uneven, depending entirely
" upon the ſituation of my mind; my
" feelings are ſtrongly marked on my
" countenance. I am not conſtrained
" by art or diſſimulation. It is eaſy to
" diſcover by my eyes before I ſpeak,
" if I am inclined to be either gay or
" ſerious. I have ſome friends, but
" very few; if it had been poſſible for
" me to have cultivated many, I could
" only have cheriſhed but a ſmall num-
" ber. Wit amuſes me, but does not
" impoſe upon me, but the qualities of
" the heart deeply intereſt mine own.
" I am not rich; moderation has always
" ſeemed to me capable of ſupplying
" the place of opulence. I have ac-
" cuſtomed myſelf to the habitude of
" not looking upon myſelf as poor, by
" comparing my own ſituation to thoſe
" who poſſeſs great fortunes, and not

" having

" having their deſires, I can paſs by a " thouſand things without feeling my- " ſelf deprived of them."

But though Madam *Riccoboni* has given a ſketch of herſelf in her own public writing, we think the following private letter in her own language, and which was received very lately from her, contains ſome touches which complete her portrait, and we are ſorry our tranſlation of it, muſt, to the mere Engliſh reader, loſe the zeſt of the original.

FORT malade a cinq lieues de Paris, quand vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m' écrire, Monſieur, il ne m' à pas eté poſſible de répondre plutot a votre lettre. Reſtée a la campagne, ou je paſſerai une partie de l'année, je ſuis peu a portée de vous donner les informations que vous me demande. S'il exiſte des gravures de femmes auteurs, ni moi, ni les perſonnes

perſonnes dont je ſuis entourée, n'en ont aucune connoiſſance. Le portrait de Ninon L'Enclos, a été conſervé parmi ceux des femmes connues dans le ſiecle précédent, mais le genre de leur célébrite eſt bien différend de celui de Meſdames de Sévigné et de la Fayette.

Si au nombre des volumes que Madame Thickneſſe a bien voulu recevoir de moi, ſe trouvent les lettres de my Lord Rivers, elle a tous les ouvrages que j'ai faits, a l'exception de quartre hiſtoriettes, inſéreés cette année dans la bibliotheque des romans, ſuppoſées ètre extraites d'anciens manuſcrits. A l'egard de *ma tête*, elle n'eſt, ni ne ſera jamais gravée de mon conſentement. Aucun peintre n'a ſaiſi ma phiſionomie, mais quand une de mes portraits me reſſembleroit je n'aurois pas la ſotte vanité d'imaginer, que la poſtérité ſ'embarraſſar des traits d'une femme dont les ouv-

rages

rages ſeront probablement oublier dans vingt ans. Des particularités ſur ma vie formeroient un article bien inſipide, et bièn peu êtendu. Mon paſſage ſur ce globe ne peut ni exciter ni ſatisfaire la curioſité de perſonne. L'éſpace étroite que j'y occupe laiſſe a peine appercevoir ſi je l'habite. Ni le monde, ni ſes amuſemens n'eurent jamais d'attrait pour moi, j'ai vécu dans un petit cercle, fuyant égallment les beaux eſprits et les ſots. Le deſir de diſtinguer ne me rendir point auteur. Mes premiers ouvrages furent anonimes et ceux qui parurent enſuite le ſervient encore ſi le haſard n'eut découvert mon ſecret. L'envie de quitter un état ou j'étois déplacée, que l'habitude ne me rendit jamais ſupportable, l'eſpoir de remplacer par mon travail une partie de l'aiſance dont j'allois me priver m'engagérent a riſquer mes foibles productions. L'indulgence qu' elles éprouvérent pouvoit

me procurer une fortune honnete, ſi la piraterie tolérée, même encouragée dans la librairie, n'avoit dérangé mes projets, j'ai enrichi des fripons et tiré peu d'avantage de mes travaux literaires. Ces deſagrémens m'ont rendue a ma pareſſe naturelle et j'aime mieux broder, ou faire de la tapiſſerie que de tenir une plume pour le profit des contrefacteurs. Je ſuis fachée, Monſieur, de n'avoir point une hiſtoire intéreſſante a vous raconter. La vie d'une femme ſenſeé offre raremens des faits dignes d'attention. La mienne n'a pas ètè heureuſe. Ma jeuneſſe ſ'eſt paſſée dans la triſteſſe, peut être eſt ce un bonheur pour moi. J'entends quelquefois des hommes ſur le retour, ſoupirer, comparer les tems, rappeller des jours qui ne ſont plus, ſe plaindre de ceux dont ils jouiſſent encore; moi, je ne regrette rien, et mon ètat préſent me paroit le plus doux que le ciel put m'accorder

corder dans ſa bonté. Indépendante, libre, vivant depuis vingt cinq ans avec une amie, dont l'eſprit, l'égalité d'humeur, et le caractére aimable répandent un continuel agrément ſur notre ſocieté je gôute un tranquille repos. Nous ne connoiſſons ni les querelles, ni l'ennui; le mot *non*, eſt banni d'entre nous. Les mêmes principes nous guident et rendent naturellement nos volontes ſemblables. Ainſi une éternelle concorde regne dans notre petit mênage. Voila, Monſieur, tous ce que je puis vous apprendre de moi, et je doute qu' après ma mort ou en ſache d'avantage. J'ai l'honneur d'étre Monſieur, avec tous les ſentimens qui vous ſont dus,

Votre tres humble ſervante,

RICCOBONI.

JE vous prie de vouloir bien preſenter mes complimens a Madame votre épouſe, je ſouhaite que ſon rhume pas

 été

été auſſi violent que le mien, accompagnè d'une groſſe fievre et d'une inſomnie continuelle.

BEING very much indiſpoſed, and five leagues from Paris when you did me the honor of writing to me, Sir, it was impoſſible to anſwer your letter ſooner. As I paſs the greater part of the year in the country, I am unable to give you that information you deſire: —But if there does exiſt any engravings of the female writers, neither I, nor thoſe perſons whom I am connected with, have the leaſt knowledge of them. The portrait of *Ninon L'Enclos*, has been preſerved among thoſe of ſome other women of the former age; but the *celebrity* of *thoſe ladies* were of a far different nature from thoſe of *Meſdames de Sévigné* and *de la Fayette*.

If Mrs. Thickneſſe has got among thoſe

thoſe volumes which I ſent her,* the letters of Lord Rivers, ſhe has all the works that I have wrote except four little hiſtories which have been added to the library of romances, ſuppoſed to be extracts from ſome ancient manuſcripts. As to my *own head*, it is not, nor ever ſhall be engraved with my conſent. No painter has yet ſeized my phyſiognomy, but if any portrait did reſemble me, I ſhould not have the fooliſh vanity to imagine that poſterity would be troubled with the picture of a woman, whoſe works moſt probably, will be forgotten in twenty years. As to the particulars of my life, they would form but a very inſipid article, and of bu. little conſequence. My paſſage on this Globe, cannot poſſibly either excite or ſatisfy the curioſity of any body. The narrow ſpace which I occupy, makes it dif-

 ficult

* Madame Riccoboni preſented the Editor with an Edition of all her works in ſixteen volumes.

ficult to perceive whether I inhabit it at all. Neither the world, nor its amuſements, have ever had any attractions for me. I live in a ſmall circle, avoiding equally great wits and fools. I did not commence author from any deſire of being diſtinguiſhed. My firſt productions were anonymous, and thoſe which have appeared ſince, would alſo have ſhared the ſame fate, if chance had not diſcovered the author. The deſire I had of quitting a ſituation which but ill ſuited my taſte or diſpoſition, and which even cuſtom could not render the leaſt ſupportable to me, and the hopes I had formed of being able to procure by my pen, in ſome meaſure, thoſe conveniences and comforts of life which I was about being deprived of, induced me to riſque publiſhing my feeble productions. The indulgence which has been ſhewn to them, might poſſibly have procured me an eaſy competence, if the

piracy

piracy which is tolerated, and even encouraged by the book-ſellers, had not entirely diſconcerted my plan. I have enriched ſome knaves, but have received little advantage myſelf from my literary labours. Theſe diſagreeable circumſtances, added to my naturul indolence, makes me prefer employing myſelf in works of embroidery or tapeſtry, rather than hold a pen for the emolument of a ſet of piratical knaves. I am ſorry, Sir, that I cannot give you a more intereſting narrative, but the life of a rational and reaſonable woman ſeldom afford matter ſufficiently worthy of attention. My lot has been far from an happy one. My youth was ſpent in ſorrow; but perhaps that may prove a fortunate circumſtance for me. I ſometimes hear perſons on the decline of life, make compariſons between the paſt and preſent time, and recall to their minds former ſcenes; for my part I feel

no

no regret on that account, my preſent condition appears to me the beſt which heaven in its goodneſs has been pleaſed to allot me. Independent, and free, I have lived five and twenty years with a friend* whoſe ſenſe, equality of temper, and amiable character diffuſes a continual comfort and delight to our ſociety: and I enjoy the utmoſt tranquility and repoſe. We are ſtrangers to the leaſt diſagreement, wearineſs, or uneaſineſs of any kind. The word *no*, is baniſhed between us; and as we are guided by the ſame principles, they naturally lead us to be of the ſame manner of thinking. So that perpetual harmony reigns within our little houſehold. This is all, Sir, I am able to inform you of as to myſelf; and I doubt if after my death any more will be known of me. I have the honor to be

Sir,

* A female friend.

Sir, with all due reſpect,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

RICCOBONI.

I beg leave to preſent my compliments to Mrs. Thickneſſe, I hope her cold has not been ſo violent as mine which has been accompanied with a high fever, and continual want of ſleep.

AMONG a variety of entertaining ſubjects we have now before us of *Madame Riccoboni*, there are the letters of Fanny Butler, Lady Cateſby, Amelia, *Madame Sancerre*, Lord Rivers, detached pieces, *Sophie de Valliere*, *Le Nouveau Théatre Anglois*, &c. and the hiſtory of the Marquis *de Creſſy*. Though we have already declared our ſentiments in regard to theſe ſort of compoſitions, yet, we cannot reſiſt giving a further ſpecimen of the literary talents of this celebrated writer, and likewiſe of a novel

which

which has been ſo univerſally admired in France.

" THE Marquis *de Creſſy* after having " diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the army, ap- " peared at court with that *eclat* which " ariſes from high birth, an elegant " figure, a great deal of ready wit, " ſome talents, and a ſplendid fortune. " Many of the moſt beautiful women " endeavored to make an impreſſion " on his heart; but his mind was too " much engroſſed with ambition to yield " to the ſoft impreſſions of love. He " was proud and haughty, and aſpired " nothing more with the ſex than flat- " tering his own vanity; in ſhort, he " had no other paſſion in view, even " with thoſe to whom he ſhewed the " utmoſt preference. *Madame de Raiſel* " and *Mademoiſelle Adelaide Du Bougei*, " were the two objects the Marquis had " fixed upon to make a ſacrifice of to

" his

" his predominant paſſion—VANITY.
" Both thoſe ladies were diſtinguiſhed
" for their exquiſite beauty, the brilli-
" ancy of their wit, and high birth.
" *Madame de Raiſel* had however, one
" advantage above *Mademoiſelle du Bou-*
" *gei*, in being poſſeſſed of an immenſe
" fortune. She was near ſix and twenty,
" and ſeemed totally averſe to the
" thoughts of a ſecond marriage, from
" the affliction ſhe had experienced in
" her firſt. *Mlle. Bougei*, was but juſt
" turned of ſixteen; in her, was ſeen
" the image of candour and innocence,
" and ſhe was made the firſt victim to
" the perfidy of the Marquis. As ſhe
" was equally incapable of miſtruſt and
" diſguiſe, ſhe ſoon diſcovered to the
" Marquis what paſſed in her own bo-
" ſom, and he applauded himſelf, on
" the victory he had gained, in adding
" that lovely girl as a trophy to his va-
" nity. The Marquis often viſited at

" a

" a houſe where ſhe was particularly
" intimate, and their frequent inter-
" courſe ſoon ſerved to inflame the
" heart of *Adelaide*. The Marquis em-
" ployed every artifice he was maſter of
" to accompliſh his deſigns upon her
" honor. He perſuaded her to meet
" him in the public walks, into which a
" door opened from *Monſieur du Bou-*
" *gei*'s garden. *Adelaide* did not fail
" appearing every evening at the place
" appointed, accompanied by her go-
" verneſs. Each day, her paſſion en-
" creaſed with her error. In the mean
" time, the Marchioneſs *d'Elmon*, (who
" was one of thoſe women whoſe hearts
" are ſeldom attached to an individual,
" but one who delighted in coqueting
" with all) had tried every artifice to
" engage the heart of the Marquis,
" who pretending not to ſee into her
" deſign, eluded all her purſuits. The
" Marchioneſs, irritated and confound-

" ed

" ed by this neglect, attributed it to his
" paſſion for ſome beloved object. She
" was impatient, and reſtleſs till ſhe
" had found out *who* was the happy ri-
" val that was able to engroſs ſo large
" a ſhare of the Marquis's attention,
" and did not long remain ignorant.
" Thus inſtigated by jealouſy (under
" the appearance of friendſhip) ſhe
" haſtened to inform *Monſieur du Bou-*
" *gei* of the intelligence ſhe had receiv-
" ed relative to his daughter and the
" Marquis. In conſequence of this, the
" Marquis *de Creſſy* ſaw nothing more
" of *Adelaide* at the uſual rendez-vous,
" but received a letter from *Monſieur*
" *du Bougei* requiring him to declare
" what his intentions were? He bluſhed,
" knowing he had none, but to deſ-
" troy the innocence of one, in whom
" he diſcovered the moſt amiable qua-
" lities which even he, could not be-
" hold without admiration and eſteem.

" Nevertheleſs, he could not prevail
" upon himſelf to ſacrifice his ambition;
" this determination, was a dagger to
" the heart of *Adelaide*. Her ſituation
" was deplorable,—her friends were
" alarmed.—her death was looked up-
" on as inevitable.—her lover trembled
" at his own ingratitude; confeſſed
" himſelf a ſlave to ambition, and un-
" worthy of ſuch a virtuous alliance,
" which though it would put him in
" poſſeſſion of the moſt precious gifts,
" would leave him perhaps with deſires
" for what was much leſs eſtimable.
" *Adelaide* who doubted not the ſince-
" rity of her lover, grieved at not
" being able to offer him the wealth he
" ſo much deſired. But after much re-
" flection, and having well conſidered
" his conduct, ſhe began to conceive
" as much contempt for him, as ſhe
" had before felt love.

" SOMETIME

" SOMETIME after, the court, on a
" certain feſtival, having invited all
" the nobility, occaſioned the Marquis
" and *Adelaide* to meet again; where
" he had the confidence to put on all the
" aſſiduity and anxiety of the moſt ob-
" ſequious lover. *Adelaide* in return,
" refuſed to liſten to him, and treated
" him with the diſdain he merited, and
" even quitted thoſe apartments where
" he offered to join her. He now in
" his turn, felt the utmoſt regret at
" having loſt ſuch a treaſure, which he
" had voluntarily deprived himſelf of;
" and the next day, ſent a letter blotted
" with his tears, in which, he expreſſed
" his ſentiments with that tenderneſs
" and force, that he obtained pardon
" for his fault, for *Adelaide* ſigned it in
" a note ſhe ſent him by her maid,
" whom the Marquis had gained over
" to his intereſt;—to the ſolicitation of
" this girl, bribed by preſents, *Adelaide*,

" once more ventured to meet the Mar-
" quis in the garden. *Adelaide* felt ſo
" much animated by his converſation,
" that ſhe quite forgot her reſolution
" of reproaching his ingratitude. Her
" thoughts were now, unfortunately,
" wholly engroſſed with the happineſs
" of ſeeing the man ſhe loved, without
" knowing the conſequence of truſting
" him with ſuch an important ſecret."

But we ſhould depart from the rule we have all along adhered to, if we were to repeat even the outline only, of what was ſaid at this fatal interview, and muſt therefore paſs over thoſe arts uſed by the Marquis to deſtroy the peace and happineſs of a woman whoſe only fault was, the fixing her affections on a worthleſs ſubject.—In ſhort, *Adelaide* was undone.

" Neither the ſhame of having
" committed

" committed ſuch a villainous outrage,
" or the loſs of a heart, the poſſeſſion
" of which, was the higheſt acquiſition,
" left in his baſe ſoul the leaſt impreſſion.
" He conſoled himſelf with his loſs,
" and perfectly indifferent as to what
" he had done, thought of nothing fur-
" ther than haſtening to the arms of
" *Madame de Raiſel*, or rather into thoſe
" of fortune. The unfortunate *Ade-*
" *laide* retired to a convent at *Chelles*,
" where ſhe ſoon made profeſſion.
" *Madame de Raiſel* (now Marchioneſs
" *de Creſſy)* deceived in her turn by the
" artifices of the Marquis, believed
" him as ſincere as he endeavored to
" appear, and perſuaded herſelf, ſhe
" was intirely miſtreſs of his heart.
" A year run on, in which ſhe flattered
" herſelf with this agreeable illuſion,
" when an event happened in which ſhe
" became too deeply intereſted. A fe-
" male friend whom ſhe tenderly loved,

" died and left an only daughter, whom
" *Madame de Creſſy*, from humanity and
" pity took home to her own houſe,
" with a view, of giving conſolation to
" one who returned her kindneſs with
" the baſeſt ingratitude and perfidy.—
" *Hortenſe de Berneuil*, who poſſeſſed leſs
" ſentiment than even the Marquis *de*
" *Creſſy*, was preſent at the opening of
" a letter which announced the ſacri-
" fice which the unfortunate *Adelaide*
" had made. She was aſtoniſhed at
" the emotion the Marquis diſcovered
" on being informed of the ſtep *Ade-*
" *laide* had taken, and even taxed him
" with weakneſs, and accepted in plea-
" ſantry, the challenge he gave her in
" making her more ſenſible. Vanity,
" not love, made the treacherous
" *Hortenſe* betray the bed of a moſt
" virtuous and amiable woman, as well
" as her generous friend. *Madame de*
" *Creſſy*, who generally fell a ſacrifice

" to

" to her own good nature and humani-
" ty, found out too late. that ſhe had
" cheriſhed a viper in her boſom. She
" was ſoon informed of her huſband's
" infidelity. Confuſed and diſtracted,
" to have been made the ſport of two
" unfeeling wretches, ſhe was deter-
" mined to ſhorten a life which afford-
" ed her no other proſpect but conti-
" nual miſery and affliction. She em-
" ployed all the day in ſettling her ac-
" counts, putting her papers in order,
" and ſealing them with the utmoſt
" care. She then diſtributed ſome pre-
" ſents amongſt her women. When
" ſhe had done, ſhe gave orders, that
" the Marquis ſhould be informed as
" ſoon as he came in, that ſhe deſired
" to ſpeak with him—about twelve
" o'clock at night, ſhe ordered ſome
" tea, into which, ſhe mixed a powder,
" and left it upon the table. In leſs
" than an hour after, the Marquis came

" into

" into her chamber, when ſhe begged
" of him to give her the cup of tea,
" which after having drank, ſhe expreſ-
" ſed in the moſt affectionate terms, the
" infinite pleaſure ſhe felt at receiving
" it from his hands. To gain time, ſhe
" talked of different things for about
" an hour, when ſhe judged it was time
" to give the Marquis a ſealed packet
" of papers. Keep that, Sir, (ſaid ſhe)
" till the moment you will find the ne-
" ceſſity of opening it. I rely on your
" complaiſance in conforming to my
" intentions. I never had a wiſh con-
" trary to your intereſt; and the little
" I diſpoſe of, cannot be the leaſt in-
" jury to you. The Marquis, ſurpri-
" ſed at this diſcourſe, was ſtruck dumb
" with aſtoniſhment, and ſtood with his
" eyes fixed upon her: but ſeeing that
" ſhe waited for his reply, he preſſed
" her with all the ſtrongeſt marks of in-
" quietude to explain to him what ſhe
" meant.

" meant.—Your are going (continued
" the Marchioneſs) to loſe for ever, a
" friend, whoſe heart you have been a
„ ſtranger to. I dare believe that you
" would not have treated it ſo hardly,
" had you been but ſenſible how much
" it was attached to you; that friend,
" you have always deceived, neglected,
" and betrayed. You have acted with
" her, as if you thought ſhe did not
" intereſt herſelf about your welfare
" and happineſs. I do not wiſh you to
" feel that regret for her memory as to
" imbitter the tranquility of your life,
" but I do not think ſo ill of you as to
" believe that her death, and that cauſed
" by yourſelf, will be totally indiffe-
" rent to you. Her death!—Heaven!
" —What have you ſaid?—Who is it
" to die? cried the Marquis over-
" whelmed with the utmoſt anxiety.—
" Can it be poſſible? (continued he)
" put an end to the moſt frightful ſuf-

" picions

" picions which ariſe in my breaſt.—
" have you been able?——Moderate
" thoſe tranſports, Sir; (replied cooly
" *Madame de Creſſy*) they cannot no
" longer impoſe upon me. I have
" known too well the inward receſſes of
" your heart;—but I will not complain.
" —Every thing now is over with me.
" I flattered myſelf for a long time that
" I was bleſſed in your affection, and
" that you was the cauſe of all the feli-
" city I enjoyed. But alas! that er-
" ror, is removed for ever; for I have
" received from that hand, a hand once
" ſo dear, that, which will terminate a
" life, now become uſeleſs and odious
" to me, ſince I am convinced that it
" failed in making your's happy.

THE Marquis ſcarce gave himſelf time to hear theſe laſt words, he flew to ſeek for every aſſiſtance that might contribute to her recovery. His cries, his precipitate

precipitate orders, his fright and anxiety, ſhewed the ſad ſituation of his mind, and frantic with deſpair, he threw himſelf into the arms of the Marchioneſs, and for ſome time could only give way to the violence of his grief. He then entreated her to receive ſome ſuccours to counteract the poiſon ſhe had taken; but this, ſhe peremptorily refuſed.

" SPARE yourſelf (ſaid ſhe) this " pains for me, it is in vain—in a few " minutes I ſhall be no more. What " have you done you cruel woman, " (cried the Marquis) ſhedding a tor- " rent of tears? have you then forced " me to be the perpetrator of ſo horrid " a crime? could you find out no other " method of revenge? Alas! And " you, (ſaid he turning himſelf to *Mlle.* " *de Berneuil* who ſtood almoſt motion- " leſs with aſtoniſhment) have you been " able to perceive her ſufferings with

" an

" an eye of indifference, and barba-
" rous tranquility?—go Madam, go,
" ought you ever more to appear here?"

Madame de Creſſy, although very weak and unable to ſupport herſelf, was exceedingly affected at what the Marquis ſaid. " Ah! do not (ſaid ſhe) mortify
" that girl already but too wretched.
" Add not your reproaches to thoſe
" which her own conſcience will retort
" upon her, ſhe is ſufficiently puniſhed
" for her crime. I pardon both; and
" pardon me the affliction which I cauſe
" you in theſe ſad moments, be calm,
" compoſe yourſelf. do not deprive me
" of the only conſolation I am now ca-
" pable of, that of leaving you happy."

By this time the perſons arrived whom the Marquis had ſent for, and the Marchioneſs was at length prevailed upon to take the medicines which they offered

" her,

her, but it was adminiſtered too late.—She held him claſped in her arms, and bathed him with her tears. He ſtill flattered himſelf with the hopes of her recovery. Live madam, (ſaid he) live to find in me, a huſband and a lover who adores you. His paſſionate expreſſions, his tender careſſes and aſſiduity, re-animated the Marchioneſs; her cheeks which had become wan and palid, reſumed their native bloom, and received a glow of colour which conſiderably heightened her beauty,—her ſoft and delicate features recovered alſo their uſual luſtre, and joy was painted over her whole countenance.

" I am contented then, (ſhe cried) " ſince I die in your arms, honored " by your regret, and bathed with " your tears. Ah! preſs me (continu- " ed ſhe) preſs me in thoſe arms, once " the ſeat of happineſs, of an unfortu-

" nate Being, who was unable to ſup-
" port life while ſhe ſaw herſelf ſlighted
" and rejected. I expire with pleaſure
" on this dear beloved boſom; oh! that
" it could open itſelf and receive my
" ſoul for ever there." She ſpoke no more, but ſighed, and then expired.

THE Marquis *de Creſſy* was inconſolable. *Adelaide* ſacrificed upon his account; the Marchioneſs *de Creſſy* expiring in his arms, repreſented to him a picture of ſuch accumulated miſery and wretchedneſs as imbittered the remainder of his life.

THIS Romance it muſt be confeſſed is (in the original) written with that eaſe and elegance, ſo natural to the pen of *Madame Riccoboni;* though in ſome parts, too highly coloured for the peruſal of an Engliſh reader, which has laid us under the neceſſity of curtailing the greater

greater part of it. The narrative is natural and intereſting, and diſcovers the author to poſſeſs great feeling, ſenſibility, and a thorough knowledge of the human heart. The picture of the unfortunate, and *credulous Adelaide*, is ſuch as we ſee but too often repreſented in *real* life, where youth, beauty, and innocence are perpetually in danger of being betrayed by the treacherous arts of diſhoneſt and unprincipled men.

We muſt not omit the names of the twin Writers,

MADEMOISELLE DE MILLY,

AND

MADAME DE LABOUREYS.

THE former, wrote the hiſtory of the human heart, the latter, the metamorphoſis of a nun; two trifling romances, with which we ſhall conclude

our own trifling performance, entreating the candid Reader to overlook the many errors of the Editor, and to remember, as we ſaid at firſt, that the extracts we have given from the female writers of France, are only crude ſketches, given in the beſt language we were able to convey them in; we are ſenſible however, that extracts might have been choſen, which would have proved more intereſting to the generality of modern readers, but we have endeavored to omit every thing which could awaken vice, and ſelect only the moral ſentiments, and the intereſting anecdotes which we have found here and there diſperſed among a vaſt profuſion of inflammatory love tales, which we are ſorry to obſerve, ſeems to be the *rage* of this kingdom, as well as in France, and which we fear has been the cauſe of that levity of behaviour among us, which was, till of late years characteriſtic of French women *only*.

HAVING

HAVING mentioned in the courſe of theſe Sketches, the fate of that unfortunate man John *Calas*, who fell a ſacrifice to the fury of Religious Zealots, and Ignorant Judges at *Touloufe*, in the year 1761; we cannot refrain from giving a ſhort account of the horrid death of that virtuous man, and the ſufferings and fate of his unfortunate family; eſpecially, as we give it almoſt in the words we received it from the mouth of his afflicted widow. Indeed, it is our opinion, that no book ſhould come from the preſs without it, as all nations, all religions, and all mankind, are intereſted in the notoriety of ſuch an act of inquiſitorial injuſtice. *Monſieur Calas* was a proteſtant merchant in affluent circumſtances at *Touloufe;* a man of a moſt reſpectable character, who had carried on his buſineſs there with the utmoſt reputation near forty years. He had three ſons, one of

which, had forſaken the religion of his family, and embraced that of the eſtabliſhed church,—and ſo far was that ſtep from giving his father offence; that he allowed him four hundred *livres* a year, and continued (with all his family) to regard him with the ſame affection as he did his other children. Mark Anthony *Calas*, his eldeſt ſon, was a young man of parts, but of a gloomy and melancholy diſpoſition; he had ſtudied the law, but being unable to practiſe it on account of his religion, took the fatal reſolution of putting a period to his life, a fatal reſolution indeed! for it brought his affectionate and virtuous father to a death of torment on the wheel, and his mother and ſurviving brothers almoſt to the ſame ſad end.

" No Sir," (ſays the widow of that unfortunate man,* in a letter to a friend) " I will

* *Madame Calas* was an Engliſh woman.

" I will leave nothing untried to prove
" our innocence; preferring death when
" free from imputation, to a life imbit-
" tered with the charge of ſuch crimi-
" nality. After the death of my huſ-
" band, the magiſtrates of *Touloufe* con-
" tinued to oppreſs us, and cruelly per-
" ſecuted me and my deplorable fami-
" ly. They ſent, as you know, and
" took from me my dear daughters, the
" only conſolation I had; and conveyed
" them into two different convents in
" *Touloufe*. They were led to the place,
" which had ſerved as the theatre of all
" our horrid misfortunes! they even
" ſeparated my children! But the King
" has had the goodneſs to permit me
" to have the care of them; and I can
" only bleſs him. The following is an
" exact detail of our misfortunes, as
" they have really befallen us.

" On the thirteenth of October,
" 1761,

" 1761, an unfortunate day for us, *Mon-*
" *ſieur Gober Lavaiſſe* came from *Bour-*
" *deaux*, where he had been for ſome
" time, to ſee his parents, who were
" then at their farm, and having endea-
" vored to procure a horſe for hire to go
" to them, he came to our houſe about
" four or five o'clock in the afternoon.
" My huſband told him, as he was not
" going that night, if he would ſup
" with us, he would do us a pleaſure:
" the young man conſented, and came
" up into my room; from whence,
" contrary to my uſual cuſtom, I had
" not gone out that day. The firſt
" thing he ſaid to me was,—I am to
" ſup with you; your huſband has in-
" vited me. I ſignified my ſatisfaction;
" and left him a few moments, while I
" gave orders to my ſervant; I went
" alſo in ſearch of my eldeſt ſon, Mark
" Anthony, whom I found alone, and
" thoughtful, in the ſhop, that he might

" go

" go for ſome *Roquefort* cheeſe. He
" was generally the purveyor of that
" article, as he was a judge of it. Here,
" (I ſaid to him) go for ſome *Roquefort*
" cheeſe, I will give you money, and
" when you have paid for it, return
" what remains to your father. I then
" returned to my room to the young
" man *(Lavaiſſe)* whom I had left there.
" A few moments after, he left me, ſay-
" ing, he would go again to the ſtables,
" to ſee if there were any horſes re-
" turned, as he was determined to ſet
" out the next morning for his father's
" farm. When my eldeſt ſon had
" bought the cheeſe, it was ſupper-time,
" (about ſeven o'clock); all the family
" came in, and we ſat down at table.
" At ſupper, which was not very long,
" we talked of indifferent things; and
" among others, the antiquities of the
" town-hall. My younger ſon, Peter,
" mentioned ſome; and his brother

" corrected

" corrected him, becauſe he did not re-
" late things well or juſtly. While we
" were eating the deſert, that unhappy
" young man, my eldeſt ſon, got up
" from the table, as was his cuſtom, and
" went into the kitchen, which joined
" the room in which we ſupped. The
" ſervant ſaid to him, Are you cold,
" Sir? warm yourſelf. Far from it, he
" ſaid, I burn; and went out. We
" continued at table ſome moments af-
" ter him; and then *Monſieur Lavaiſſe*,
" my huſband, and I, went into that
" chamber which you well know, and
" have often lain in. The two former
" ſat on the ſofa, my younger ſon on a
" great chair, and I on a common one;
" and there we entered into conver-
" ſation. My younger ſon fell aſleep.
" About a quarter before ten, *Monſieur*
" *Lavaiſſe* took leave of us. We rouzed
" my ſon out of his ſleep. that he might
" attend the young *Lavaiſſe*. We gave

" him

" him the candle, and they went down
" together. The inſtant they were
" down, we heard the moſt alarming
" cries, without being able to diſtin-
" guiſh what was ſaid. My huſband
" ran down, and I remained trembling
" in the gallery, not knowing what
" could be the occaſion of the alarm.
" However, ſeeing no perſon come up,
" I thought it beſt to deſcend, which I
" did. At the foot of the ſtairs, I found
" *Lavaiſſe*, and aſked him with precipi-
" tation, what was the matter? He
" begged me to go up again; ſaying, I
" ſhould ſoon know. He repeated his
" entreaties ſo often and ſo earneſtly,
" that I returned with him into my
" chamber. He wiſhed to ſave me the
" anguiſh of ſeeing my ſon in the con-
" dition he was in, and he went down
" again. But the uncertainty I was in,
" was too violent to permit me to re-
" main long where I was. I called the

" ſervant

" ſervant to me, and ſaid to her, *Jannet-*
" *te*, go down and ſee what is the matter,
" I know not what can have happened,
" and I tremble with apprehenſion. I
" put the candle into her hand, and ſhe
" went down; but not returning to give
" me any account, I went down myſelf.
" Great God! what were my grief and
" my ſurprize, when I ſaw my dear ſon
" extended on the ground! However,
" I did not believe him dead; and I
" ran for ſome Hungary water, ima-
" gining that he was ill and had faint-
" ed; and, as hope is the laſt thing that
" quits us, I gave him all poſſible aſſiſt-
" ance to recover him, not permitting
" myſelf to imagine that he was dead.
" We all flattered ourſelves; and a ſur-
" geon was called in, who ſtood by me,
" without my ſeeing or perceiving him,
" till he told me, it would be of no uſe
" to do any thing more, for that he was
" dead. I pleaded with him, it could not

" be;

" be; and begged he would redouble
" his endeavors, and examine him with
" the utmoſt care, which he did in vain;
" it was too true: during this time, my
" huſband was leaning on the coun-
" ter, the image of deſpair; ſo that my
" heart was wrung on more accounts
" than one; by the deplorable ſpecta-
" cle of my ſon lying dead before me,
" and by the fear of loſing a huſband
" who was dear to me, and who aban-
" doned himſelf wholly to grief, and
" would hear of no conſolation: it was
" in this ſtate juſtice found us; we were
" ſeized in my chamber, where we had
" been perſuaded to retire. This is the
" hiſtory of the affair, exactly as it has
" happened. And I pray God, who
" knows our innocence, to puniſh me
" eternally, if I have added or dimi-
" niſhed an *iota*, and if I have not told
" the truth in every circumſtance, I

" am ready to ſeal my guilt with my " blood, &c."

THOUGH it was evident, that old *Calas*, ſixty-eight years of age, could not have hanged his ſon, a ſtrong young man of twenty-eight; though it was evident, that had he been hanged by any other hands than his own, not only the father, but the mother, brother, young *Lavaiſſe*, and the maid-ſervant, *Jannette*, muſt have been all parties in the deed. Yet, ſuch was the fury of the populace, and the ignorance of the judges, that they, in violation of all rational evidence, condemned the father, firſt to the torture, and then to be broken alive upon the wheel, for having hanged his ſon, under the idea of preventing him from embracing the tenets, of that church whoſe walls they have ſo deeply marked with this good man's blood, that ages to come will not be able to waſh out the indelible

ble ſtain. But what is more than ſingular, is, that their old and faithful ſervant *Jannette*, who was not only a zealous catholic, but one who had contributed to the converſion of the other ſon, was too good, too juſt, and too affectionate to her proteſtant maſter, and family, to depart from them in the hours of their affliction, ſhe perſiſted in the innocence of her maſter, and the reſt of the family, and when the parliament of Paris, and the King's council, had pronounced the JUST SENTENCE on the judges of *Toulouſe*, by declaring *Calas* an innocent man, the King ordered thirty-ſix thouſand *livres* to be given to the injured family, and three thouſand to *Jannette*, (immortal *Jannette.*) When the joyful day came, that innocence triumphed over ignorance, ſuperſtition, and incapacity, and the Pariſian judges unanimouſly declared John *Calas*, and the whole family, cruelly and

 wrongfully

wrongfully condemned by the parliament of *Toulouſe*, and permitted the family to commence actions for damages which the magiſtrates ought to have voluntarily offered, to make ſuch amends as lay in their power. To the honor of all Paris, the joy became general; for as ſoon as it was known that theſe people were declared innocent, all the ſquares and ſtreets, were crouded with people, to ſee a family which had been ſo cruelly treated, and now ſo ably juſtified; they gave peals of plaudits to the judges as they paſſed by, loading them with their benedictions; and what made the ſpectacle more affecting, was, that it happened on the ninth of March, the ſame day of the month on which John *Calas* the father died upon the wheel, announcing his own innocence, and praying to God to forgive his deluded judges.

THE third ſon *Donatus Calas*, when this dreadful calamity befel his father and family, was at Geneva; who in the concluſion of one of his many affectionate letters to his mother, ſays: "Perſiſt then my dear mother in your undertaking—never regard our property. We are five children, without bread; but we have honor; and we prefer it as you do, to life.—I throw myſelf at your feet,—I bathe them with my tears,—and I implore your bleſſing with a reſpect and duty, which is heightened by your miſeries."

AND in his memorial to the King and parliament, for juſtice, he ſays: "I declare that my ſentiments and reſolution is the ſame as my mother's; I am willing to die with her, if my father has committed a crime againſt God. Nature, and Religion. I do not aſk pardon of the judges who

" condemned my father, they will at-
" tribute it to filial piety; they would
" deſpiſe me if I acted otherwiſe. This
" horrible tranſaction, cannot fail of
" intereſting all nations; it is of impor-
" tance to a ſtate, to know on which
" ſide, lie the moſt dangerous fanaticiſm.
" I tremble while I only look on the
" ſubject; and more than one reader of
" ſenſibility will tremble with me.—
" Alone as in a deſart, without council,
" without ſupport, I addreſs myſelf to
" the Chancellor, and the whole Coun-
" cil of State: the petition which I lay
" at your feet, is extra-judicial; render
" it otherwiſe by your authority, and
" your juſtice.—Not only compaſſi-
" onate my family, but bring truth to
" light.—Let the parliament of *Tou-*
" *louſe*, boldly produce the minutes of
" their proceedings.—All Europe de-
" mands it;—and if they do not, they

" will

" will ſee that all Europe will decide on
" their conduct."

WHAT extraordinary powers doth conſcious innocence create! One would think that we were reading the arguments of the preſent LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of Britain, rather than the ſon of a *bourgeois* of *Toulouſe*, who thus pleaded the cauſe of Truth, and Juſtice, with an ardour LIKE HIS; an ardour, which ſets aſide all conditions of men; till the object in purſuit, TRUTH, is brought forth, in the cuſtody of JUSTICE.

Note, It ſeems as if fanaticiſm had taken deeper root at *Toulouſe*, than in any other part of France. Colonel Forreſter, who died there a few years ſince, had given directions to be buried in his cabbage garden; but the chief magiſtrate threatened his ſervants to take his body up, and drag it about the ſtreets, till they paid twenty guineas for the quiet depoſit of a man, who was *parfaitement* a Frenchman in every reſpect, ſave only, that he did not *wear their Religion*.

F I N I S.

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